

TWENTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 25, 1952

NEWS QUIZ

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE



ARTZBASHEFF

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VOL. LIX NO. 8

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Extra quality third	\$100	\$100	\$100
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Extra quality fourth	\$100	\$100	\$100
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Sixth	\$100	\$100	\$100
Extra quality sixth	\$100	\$100	\$100
Seventh	\$100	\$100	\$100
Extra quality seventh	\$100	\$100	\$100
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Liberté, March 11, April 2, 18, May 6, 24, June 11, 26; First Class, \$330; Cabin, \$210; Tourist, \$165. *Île de France*, March 5, 21, April 9, 20, May 14, June 4, 20; First Class, \$325; Cabin, \$210; Tourist, \$165. Other French Line offices: Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Halifax, Montreal, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Vancouver, B. C., Washington, D. C., Winnipeg, Man. *Thrift-season rates effective until May, 1952.

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Photo courtesy Denning Sand & Gravel Co., Waukegan, Conn.

Rubber chute-the-chutes handles rocks that wear through steel

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

TO SEPARATE gravel by sizes they haul it to the top of a tower. Then gravity takes over. The gravel chutes the chutes down to its proper pile.

But even when the chutes were lined with 1/4-inch steel plates they couldn't take the 9 hour daily rain of rocks. Holes wore right through the steel in a week! Replacing the steel plates caused work hold ups; extra expense for labor and materials.

When B. F. Goodrich salesmen heard of the problem they suggested rubber plates. B.F. Goodrich had a kind of

rubber so tough it is called Armortite; especially developed for use where extreme abrasion is a problem.

The rubber withstands the constant wearing, tearing avalanche of gravel—in fact, lasts 6 months where steel lasted only one week. In addition, gravel pit operators now use Armortite in other places where abrasive wear is extreme. As "brake strips," for example, in some of the chutes where it's necessary to slow down the speed of the gravel.

This saving from longer life of

rubber products is a regular experience with B. F. Goodrich customers. BFG research is constantly at work on belting and hose of every type, on tank linings, on adhesives and every other rubber product used by industry—to make them last longer, serve better, reduce costs. That's why it pays to call in your local BFG distributor. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY



The metals that think for man

A giant with a super-human "brain" lives in New York City. In minutes, he can solve mathematical problems that would take a human years.

In less time than it takes you to read this, he can compute the position of a planet, the trajectory of a shell or the path of an electron as it whirls around its nucleus in the dark, silent world of the atom. He works out the intricate formulas for rocket motors, guided missiles and atomic power plants.

His official name is SSEC — for Selective Sequence Electronic Calculator. But most people simply call him The Machine.

The Machine is a complex mass of millions of metal parts. His "brain" is a lacelike network of electric relays and electronic tubes. It is composed, in large part, of copper, silver, zinc, lead, vanadium, platinum and selenium. And it is connected by a nervous system of more than 250 miles of copper wire.

In the forefront of the development of such man-made "super brains," is Anaconda's far-reaching program of pioneering and progress in metals . . . the discovery of new techniques in mining and metallurgy . . . the development of new ways to produce better metal products.

This is a continuing program that will help make possible even more complicated calculators of the future . . . highly developed electronic "brains" that may some day predict and chart economic trends to help control booms and depressions . . . prepare accurate long-range weather forecasts . . . eventually, perhaps, operate industrial plants automatically.

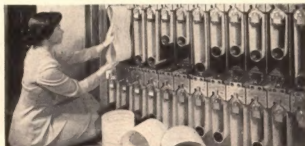
Through progress in science, in industry—and in metals—the brave new world of the future is just around the corner. In fact, it's ready to knock on your door.



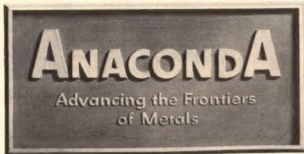
THE CALCULATOR'S "THOUGHT PROCESSES" are supervised at this master control desk. Precision equipment required for such technological miracles is highly dependent upon synthetic insulations—like those developed by the Anaconda Wire & Cable Co.—which were especially designed to fit complex wiring jobs into limited space such as this.



WHEN YOU LOOK INSIDE the calculator's "brain" . . . you see a complicated maze of metal parts. The American Brass Co. (an Anaconda manufacturing division) produces 20 different copper alloys for International Business Machines Corp., the builders, which are used in the construction of electronic calculators and other business machines.



THE CALCULATOR "LEARNS" what to do next by means of punched tapes that pass over rolls of silver. Today, defense has first call on all metals. But Anaconda is producing more metals, developing new sources of ore and new and improved methods of mining and manufacturing in order to meet the ever-increasing demands of both science and industry.



THE CALCULATOR'S MACHINERY covers three walls of I.R.M.'s New York computing laboratory. This photograph was taken with a 180° lens which enables the camera to show all three walls simultaneously.

PRODUCERS OF: Copper, zinc, lead, silver, gold, platinum, cadmium, selenium, vanadium, manganese ore, ferromanganese, uranium.

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**Super Chief - Chief - El Capitan
Grand Canyon - California Ltd.**

R. T. ANDERSON, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4

LETTERS

Neither Planes nor Scandal

Sir:

The last two sentences of "New Planes," in the Feb. 4 issue, knocked the breath out of me. "Current production [of planes for the Navy] is so slow that it cannot even make up the deficit in Korean losses, training accidents and normal wear & tear. The situation is so bad, said [Assistant Navy Secretary for Air] Floberg, that the Navy actually has 1,000 planes fewer than it did 20 months ago when the Korean war began."

Bad enough, but still worse, is that an Assistant Navy Secretary for Air can make such a statement without raising a skyrocketing scandal, without a big and hearty outburst of public indignation, without a Senate investigation committee.

FERENC BARKÓ

Rio de Janeiro

The Indispensable Ally

Sir:

Please accept my heartiest congratulations for your Feb. 4 cover article concerning C. D. Howe, an outstanding Canadian.

I hope that millions of Americans will read it, and by so doing help to dispel the amazing ignorance of Canada that is so prevalent in these United States.

ELSPETH BEIER

Ballston Lake, N.Y.

Sir:

As an Argentine, I enjoyed your cover story. Canada is a country with some striking similarities to Argentina: [smaller] population but same geographical position, and

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TIME
February 25, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 8

TIME, FEBRUARY 25, 1952

*"I Buy TWO kinds of Dayton Thorobreds
... for TWO Equally good reasons!"*



MR. GLENN F. RIDGE
Executive Vice President and General Manager
Wilson Freight Forwarding Co., Cincinnati, Ohio



"34% MORE MILEAGE—32% more recaps from Dayton Thorobreds! These percentages mean real dollar savings when we add up our truck tire expense." As a top transportation executive, Glenn Ridge knows tires. (Wilson's 800 unit fleet, in 1951, rolled up over 17 million miles.) He

knows Dayton Thorobreds have more of everything it takes to make outstanding truck tires. That's why Dayton's super strength Rayon Cord carcasses take recap after recap—deliver lowest cost-per-mile. And that's why Glenn Ridge makes them his No. 1 choice!

*"Dayton Thorobred Truck
Tires get my vote on a
cost-per-mile basis!"*



One of Wilson's Dayton Thorobred equipped tractor-trailer units.

One of seven great Dayton Thorobred truck tires—each engineered for a specific type of service.

Glenn Ridge relies upon Dayton Thorobreds for his family car because he knows they are safer. Safer because SKID-ARRESTORS, molded in the tread, give super non-skid, sure-grip protection . . . Dayton's exclusive ELECTRONI-CORD body guarantees a stronger, sturdier tire.

What's more, the exclusive Dayton COLD RUBBER tread compound gives up to 65% more safe miles! No wonder Glenn Ridge chooses Dayton Thorobreds. He knows they're the finest, safest tires of all time. Get them today from your nearest Dayton Dealer!



Dayton Thorobreds—the original COLD RUBBER passenger tires.

*"My family rides on Dayton
Thorobred Passenger Tires
because they're safer!"*



Mrs. Ridge and Betty Low prepare to enter their Dayton Thorobred equipped family car.

Dayton Rubber

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for the printing
industry



TEXTILE PRODUCTS
for spinning and
weaving natural and
synthetic fibers



KOOLFOAM
foam latex pillows
and mattresses



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similar natural resources. But Canada has come of age in industries and we have not. Guess what we need is someone like Mr. Howe.

JIM ROSSI-GUERRERO
Socorro, New Mex.

Sir:
Your article about Canada was exciting. I knew Canada was going places, but I hadn't realized that it had gone so far . . .

JACK SHAEVER
Tilton, Ill.

Sir:
I so much liked your story . . . At the same time, may I put in a "well done" for Mr. Howe? We are proud of him.
My ambition has always been to move to the U.S.A., but after this, I wonder, maybe the grass is greener here.

J. E. POLLARD CÔTE
St. Ephrem de Beauce, Que.

Sir:
No one should detract from the credit due Mr. Howe for his accomplishments, but since he is a product of 200 years of New England Americanism, is it Canada or Yankee upbringing that made him possible? . . .

You admit until recently Canadians were timid about investing their own funds in Canada's enterprises. Therefore, it was Yankee cash and nerve that showed the way and took the early gamble. Give credit where credit is due.

ALLAN S. RICHARDSON
Denver

Tribute to a Soldier

Sir:
Your Feb. 4 issue was the only magazine noting the passing of Major General Robert H. Soule. To most Americans he was just another "brasshat," but to the 18,000 officers and men who served under him the loss was great.

"Shorty" Soule contributed more to our Korean campaign than the general public realizes. His peerless leadership at Hungnam was the difference between a successful operation and disaster. He wholeheartedly gave his talents—and he gave his life. In many different parts of the world today, you've made 18,000 new friends.

GLENN C. COWART
Lieutenant, U.S.A.

New Orleans

Brazen Blackmail (Hungarian Style)

Sir:
The letters in your Jan. 21 issue of Lieut. Lerch and Mr. Ball [who angrily commented on the U.S. paying \$120,000 ransom to Hungary for the release of four U.S. flyers] were very much to the point. Although only an ex-Hungarian, I felt very much ashamed for such a gangster-like extortion by my former country, and now these two letters make me act.

I am sure the only proper thing for anybody who is a Hungarian, or ever has been one, is to find the money to cover the amount of this brazen blackmail, and to refund it to the U.S. Government.

There is plenty of money in Hungarian and ex-Hungarian hands in New York, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, and I fervently hope that this letter will be read by a few public-minded people, who will take up the cause. As for myself, I am enclosing my check for \$200, which I would be pleased for you to forward to the proper quarters.

I would like to make it quite clear that the movement proposed by me should in no way be construed as an attempt to whitewash

It's a matter of Opinion...

Steeplechase or polo — which is the bigger thriller? Is it tougher to conquer the barriers and ditches and win against the field — or to outsmart opponents through teamwork and skill? It's a matter of opinion!



...but it's a *Fact* that Havoline is

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Custom-Made Havoline Motor Oil *exceeds* Heavy Duty requirements. That's why it's best for new cars, best for any car.

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TUNE IN...TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE on television every Tuesday night. METROPOLITAN OPERA radio broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspaper for time and station.
TIME, FEBRUARY 25, 1952

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It's all waiting... the sporting country, the mighty scenery, the National Parks, the relaxing friendliness of Canada's great outdoors. Make this your year to break away from routine — to see all of Canada you can. See your travel or transportation agent soon; mail the handy coupon now.

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01-1-10-32-01
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Dept. of Resources & Development, Ottawa, Canada

Please send me your illustrated book,
"Canada, Vacations Unlimited"

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Hungary. Its only meaning is to enable Uncle Sam to write off this bad-smelling item in his books...

PAUL DE GYARMATHY
Stateless ex-Hungarian

Kobe, Japan

TIME has forwarded Reader de Gyarmathy's check to the U.S. Treasury Department—Ed.

Protesting Protestants (Cont'd)

Sir:

Opposing the sending of an ambassador to the Vatican by the American Council of Christian Churches [TIME, Feb. 4] is one thing, but publicly debasing the Roman Catholic Church, or any church, is another. While Americans of every religion are fighting and dying in Korea, the Rev. Carl McIntire is busy calling Catholicism a worse enemy than Communism...

F. A. BOTHWELL

Narberth, Pa.

Sir:

I am an ardent believer in the Protestant faith. I have also written to my Senator concerning the appointment of an ambassador to the Vatican, which I am vehemently against... However, to my utter dismay, a group of such Protestants ventured to Washington, D.C. and displayed a shameful act of bigotry. Their statements and general actions were not displayed to express their opposition to the appointment but to express their disdain for our friends and neighbors, the Roman Catholics...

CLARKE SCHAAF

Springfield, Mass.

Sir:

Ho hum—don't men like the Rev. Carl McIntire... ever get tired panning Roman Catholicism?

PATRICIA SOMERS

Chicago

Sir:

We appreciated very much your reporting of "Protesting Protestants," [but] if you are going to refer to us as a "fundamentalist organization," then by all rights you should refer to the National Council [of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.] as a liberal or modernist organization.

I have been ministering here in Collingswood 18 years, and we regret your slur upon the Bible Presbyterian Church of Collingswood... I am a minister in good and regular standing in this church. To refer to me as "a deposed minister" is contrary to the facts and the records...

CARL MCINTIRE

Bible Presbyterian Church
Collingswood, N.J.

TIME said the Rev. Carl McIntire was "a deposed minister of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A." In 1935, when Mr. McIntire repudiated this group, in which he was ordained, the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. also repudiated Mr. McIntire.—Ed.

Dallas Report

Sir:

You attribute to me in the Feb. 4 issue a statement that "... anyone is just a damned fool to buy anything at retail," that "more & more" of my wholesale electric-appliance business "is coming from 'discount houses.' " The fact is, I have never sold to nor received an order from a discount house, and in my opinion the consumer who patronizes [one] is a damned fool because he usually makes a bad investment, does not get his money's worth and seriously damages the legitimate



Telephone people are prepared to meet the challenge of storm and disaster. Their experience in emergencies is particularly valuable in time of National Defense.

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companies are quick to send their people to help.

This ability to meet emergencies and restore service, so essential in peace, is even more important today. Bell Telephone Companies throughout the country have special plans to protect and maintain service if some sudden defense situation should arise.

Whatever the need, it is reassuring to know that a well-trained army of Bell telephone workers — 650,000 strong — is equipped and ready to act quickly and effectively.

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is high!
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and traditional American economy upon which the discount house is an unwarranted and unjustifiable parasite.

J. J. SHEA

Dallas

Eagle Scout Ceremony

Sir:

Your motion picture editor has made an observation which cannot pass unchallenged. The excellent Jan. 28 review of *Room for One More* [refers to] the conducting of an Eagle Scout badge-award ceremony with "the solemnity of a coronation" . . .

The pomp and circumstance connected with such an award is not designed to impress cynical and worldly-wise adults, but, rather, is centered on the boy himself. The award of Eagle rank is the highest honor that scouting can bestow . . . Parents may prod, and leaders may coax, but the boy himself must do the work. . . . After a formidable array of obstacles has been surmounted, no award ceremony is too great to convince the boy that for one night at least, he is on top of the world.

(P.V.T.) ALAN F. HUGHES

Fort Dix, N.J.

¶ To the 10,708 boys officially qualified as Eagles by the Boy Scouts of America last year, the tenderfooted apologies of TIME's Cinema Editor.—ED.

Bigots, Anvils, Urchins, etc.

Sir:

Your Feb. 4 item on the new security classification, "cosmic," created by NATO, implies that this is the first use of a classification higher than top-secret . . . Early in 1944, Allied Force HQ in Algiers began planning for the invasion of southern France that year; the code word "BIGOT" was assigned as the security classification for those matters which were "even more secret than top-secret." In fact, "BIGOT Y" card holders were authorized to see papers which personnel assigned "BIGOT X" cards could not—which placed "BIGOT Y" two security classifications above mere top-secret.

Despite these precautions . . . the southern France invasion (named ANVIL) was notorious as the worst-kept secret of the war. I recall hearing Neapolitan street urchins in July calling at members of our combat divisions: "Hey, Joe, when you go to France—next month!"

GILBERT L. BURTON

Palo Alto, Calif.

Pennies for Pakistan

Sir:

Re your Feb. 4 story concerning the attitude of Pakistan over our piddling offer of \$8 to \$12 million in Point Four aid [an official source from Karachi said they were "insulted"]. Trux and the American public, should be insulted that we have offered Pakistan this paltry sum when we are willing to [pour] \$50 million down the drain in India (because Nehru plays footie with Mao and Joe), and another \$24 million to Mossadegh's clique, who are playing footie with each other, waiting for their tanker to come in. . . . India, land of muddy rivers and muddy liberalism, led by Nehru alone . . . is no more in need of \$50 million for undeveloped areas than is Pakistan, and stands to offer much less in return . . .

LOUIS DUPREE

Cambridge, Mass.

Historic Hostel

Sir:

I was attracted by your vivid Feb. 4 description of the riots in Ismailia and Cairo. Referring to the destruction of the historic Shepherd's Hotel, you mention eminent men who have visited this hostel. I can readily



Beef

that makes the grade!

Actually, the grade of meat you eat is determined on-the-hoof—because in raising livestock, hordes of tenacious flies, grubs and other external animal parasites can cause serious loss of weight and damage to both meat and hides. But, through the applied protection of scientifically formulated insecticidal sprays, dusts and dips produced by FMC's Niagara Chemical Division, meat, leather and other products, amounting to millions of dollars each year, are conserved. These and other FMC contributions help protect America's standard of living.

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in longer wear
per pair



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understand that "Kitchener stopped in after the Battle of Omdurman," since that battle occurred in 1898. You state, however, that "Explorer Stanley dropped in after finding Dr. Livingstone."

Since that memorable event in the jungles of Africa occurred in 1871, and, according to your own statement, Shepherd's Hotel was not built until 1891, a score of years must have intervened...

THEODORE W. ANDERSON

Chicago

¶ The original Shepherd's was established in 1841, 30 years before Stanley found Dr. Livingstone. It is the modern structure (burnt to the ground last month) that was rebuilt in 1891.—Ed.

Culling All Children

Sir:

I was interested in your Feb. 4 report, "Ordeal in London" [a British test to screen children for higher education]. I think this points out very adequately the inadvisability and unfairness of competitive education for children. As pointed out, an educational system which forces children between ten and twelve years of age to take an examination to decide... their academic future, is like prophesying the racing ability of a six-month-old colt from its forced performance round a field. Neither the child nor the colt is sufficiently mature to show his true ability.

This system in Britain is unfair because if parents are sufficiently wealthy, they, on failing the selective examinations, the child will be sent at personal expense to a public school where he will get an adequate education; whereas, the child who fails and whose parents cannot afford it will have no further opportunity for a future university training. This system, therefore, does not give equal educational facilities for all, as it was originally planned...

R. G. WALTON, M.D.

University of Michigan
Ann Arbor

Sir:

... Wasn't there anyone on your staff who recognized the real outrage in your story—that the state is usurping a natural right of parents to decide how their children should be educated?...

NEIL McCAFFREY JR.

Pelham Manor, N.Y.

Sir:

... It is a well-known fact that all children are born with different capacities for doing school work, and that as they grow older, the difference between the mental age of a bright child and that of a dull child becomes increasingly greater. In other words, the range of mental ages that you find in a typical American high school is far greater than is found on the grade school level. To take extreme measures like those which England has adopted to reduce the secondary-school enrollment would, of course, not be applicable here, because public opinion is too solidly entrenched in the belief that every child has the right and the capacity to finish high school.

It would be a great step forward if some sort of competitive examination were given, to cull out the most troublesome and the most illiterate from the secondary schools, if for no other purpose than to provide our teachers with better working conditions...

There would, of course, still remain the problem of what to do with the academic culs after they are relieved from competition in the lopsided struggle for school education. Either we must provide schools like those of England, or else allow them to enter the labor market.

From a struggling teacher in his third year.
HARLAN E. FIEHLER

Mansfield, Mo.



They carve family
trees by hand...



You'll see these Indian family trees in Alaska—and, alongside them, today's Alaskans building new and big—in bustling cities that nudge the wide frontier—in highways and skyways that follow the gold trails of '98. You'll see grander scenery... enjoy days of continuous sunshine. You'll rub elbows with prospectors, Eskimos. Fishing and hunting is great, too. Come to Alaska this year. Ask your travel agent—or write for free illustrated folder.



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ASSOCIATION**

Dept. A-1, JUNEAU, ALASKA

OUR PURPOSE IS TO CARE...FOR THOSE WHO CARE



To All Parents...

who have ever found the garage still empty at 3 A. M.

What pictures flash unbidden through your mind at a time like this? Do you fear that the worst has happened... or do you feel a calm confidence that there's some good reason for the delay, and everything's all right? In either case, here in this trying moment, you're passing judgment on yourself, for what you have or haven't done.

If you've been a faithful and patient instructor, and know that the wheel of your car is in competent hands, then you can rest assured. If not, then be bound and determined that this is your last night of sweating it out. Start tomorrow to give (or get) sensible, adult instruction for all the young folks who

may handle your car... to prevent any further spread of the kind of suicidal stupidity that has brought the grisly word "teenicide" into all-too-common usage.

Yes, start tomorrow... for the frightful figures on highway crashes show that more than a million victims have met death since the turn of the century. See to it that this common type of certain death does not single out your family.

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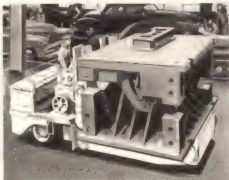
For all types of Fire and Casualty Insurance or Fidelity and Surety Bonds, see your local Employers' Group Agent, The Man With The Plan

If you make 'em, sell 'em,



How many Yale & Towne products are in this picture?

Start at the left—you'll see a YALE Hand Lift Truck (and a mechanic whose job is easier as a result). Look into the repair shop where an engine block is suspended—A YALE Hoist supplies the "muscles" here. On car doors, ignitions and trunks . . . even the gasoline pumps . . . you'll find protecting locks made by YALE—as is the door closer in the hands of the motorist. These are just a few of the many products made in the Yale & Towne Divisions listed on these pages.



54 tons aweigh! A giant AUTOMATIC Die Handler, the world's largest industrial truck, gives this huge fender die a smooth ride to the press shop . . . positions it easily in a high-speed press. Low-cost, dependable battery electric power drives the AUTOMATIC Die Handler, which lifts and moves loads up to 55 tons.

ILLUSTRATED IS AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC DIE HANDLER



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CAR ILLUSTRATED IS EQUIPPED WITH YALE LOCKS

service 'em...or just ride 'em



you depend on products of Yale & Towne

IT MAY BE a key you turn to unlock your car... or a giant industrial truck that helps Detroit put next year's models on the assembly lines...

Everywhere in the automotive picture—from maker to user—you'll find the diverse products of Yale & Towne serving in numerous ways. Same thing's true in so many other leading industries. They look to Yale & Towne for the finest of Locks and Hardware... and for the time and money-saving benefits of YALE and AUTOMATIC Materials Handling Equipment.

-and it all began with a key!



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Executive Offices, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

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the handsomest room

the magnificent
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BETTER SIGHT... BETTER SOUND... BETTER BUY

MISCELLANY

Platoon, Halt! In Detroit, Corporal William J. Thompson sued 2nd Lieut. Ruth E. Thompson for divorce, charged: "She throws her rank around."

Joiner, In Reno, after quitting as manager of a meat packing firm because "Office of Price Stabilization regulations make a profit impossible," M. A. ("Tiny") Fairchild got a new job as foods section chief of the OPS district office.

Point of No Return. In Milwaukee, Michael Shapiro was sentenced to three years in prison for income tax fraud, won a stay of sentence until he could finish making out his 1951 tax statement.

"Yes, Virginia . . ." In Great Bend, Kans., six weeks after a jolly old gentleman with white whiskers drove off without paying for a tankful of gasoline, Service Station Owner Jack Ames got a letter containing \$3.31 in cash and a message: "Thank you for the loan . . . Santa Claus."

Delicate Operation. In Silver City, N. Mex., the *Enterprise* gravely reported that Hospital Patient Margaret Soule was "recovering from surgery performed decently."

Brief Encounter. In Cambridge, Mass., Theodore Murphy complained to police that a man he did not know appeared at his apartment door, punched him in the face twice, departed saying: "You know who I am."

Decoy. In Chicago, after an undercover man telephoned police headquarters to report that 40 men were playing poker and blackjack in a poolroom-saloon, Police Lieutenant George Mankowski raided the place with a flying squad, forgot to guard the rear exit, succeeded in nabbing only the undercover man.

Democracy. In Pasay, Philippine Islands, cops arrested seven gamblers playing roulette in a sloppy night club, rushed next door to a small restaurant and nabbed their seven chauffeurs shooting craps.

Honor Graduate. In Columbus, Ohio, police searched for a patient who had wandered off from the West Virginia State Mental Hospital, finally found him working as an attendant in the Ohio State Mental Hospital.

But Not Forgotten. In Omaha, the city council assessed West Lawn Cemetery's 15,000 permanent residents \$1,151.74 for sewer improvements.

Haul Away. Off Newport, R.I., Fishing Captain Lars Fahlen dragged a net across the ocean bottom, suddenly found his 65-ft. boat going full-speed astern and had to chop his net cable to save his craft, learned later that he had almost been caught by the U.S. submarine *Flying Fish*.

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because... big reclining seats and wide, soft berths make your Northwest flight the most comfortable you've ever had.

because... the smart lower-level club lounge, with beverage service, is an exclusive Northwest Stratocruiser feature.

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NORTHWEST AIRLINES

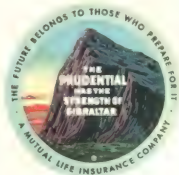
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How to make a date with a better future

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

London was cold and wet, Kenya's jungles were hot and steaming, and New York was cool and clear. In all three places, TIME correspondents and editors were preparing to relax after a strenuous week.

The London bureau had just finished working on the Anthony Eden cover story (TIME, Feb. 11). On Tuesday the bureau carefully examined Eden's address before Commons for anything which might indicate a change in British foreign policy. In New York City, Senior Editor Tom Griffith spent the day (the first of TIME's editorial "week-end") on the alert for cables from London. In Nyeri, Kenya, Correspondent Alexander Campbell, who had spanned a third of the African continent to accompany the royal tour, was writing a

story about Elizabeth and Philip watching jungle animals from a fig tree. The royal couple had no engagements, so Wednesday was to be a free day. But at 10:37 Wednesday morning, London time, the news came from Buckingham Palace: King George VI had died during the night.

Within two hours, TIME's editors in New York had decided to put the new Queen on TIME's cover, using Boris Chaliapin's color portrait of Elizabeth, which had been drawn months before. TIME's Foreign News Desk sent cables to London and other overseas bureaus, outlining story plans. The Domestic and Canadian News Bureau wired scores of correspondents, asking for spot reactions of people and newspapers.

Many correspondents anticipated the wires, started gathering reports immediately. London Bureau Chief Andre Laguerre sent wires to 30 stringers (part-time correspondents) in Britain and Scandinavia. He pulled all his correspondents off the stories they were working on, assigned Dave Richardson to watch London developments, stationed Honor Balfour at the House of Commons, called Cynthia Thompson from her home (she had retired from TIME's London staff six weeks ago) to work on a story about the King's illness for the Medicine section, set Joan Bruce to digging up some of

the unusual prerogatives of the British monarch, and sent A. T. Baker to Sandringham. Stopped politely by the police constable at the massive gate to the castle, Baker visited local pubs, knocked on strange doors, interviewed storekeepers who held royal warrants and talked to villagers sloshing through wet fields.

Laguerre tried to eliminate from the bureau's coverage any unnecessary duplication of the thousands of words already pouring across the Atlantic to the U.S. press. He was aiming at a clear, detailed picture of the news as it happened and its effects on the British people when they learned of their sovereign's death. Friday evening the copy began to flow to TIME's New York cable room. By 4 a.m. Saturday, the London staff had cleared its complete file and was standing by for late developments and checking cables from



CORRESPONDENT BAKER AND CONSTABLE AT SANDRINGHAM
 Knocking on strange doors.

New York. On Saturday, TIME's writers began to select their material. Foreign News Writer Roger Hewlett, who had already written cover stories on both of Britain's princesses (TIME, March 31, 1947; June 13, 1949), was assigned to write the cover story on the new Queen. Other stories about the death and accession went into five different sections of the magazine, and News in Pictures was expanded from its usual two pages to four.

Last week work London staffers were still hard at work covering the funeral, talking to foreign ministers on hand for royalty's last rites—and beginning to gather material for still another projected cover story.

Cordially yours,

James A. Lisen

**Just a
shadow
of its
future self!**



You can see it coming. The good word is out! Wherever men gather—the talk is of a new kind of suit comfort—and the words “year-round rayons” are on every lip. Men’s stores are feeling the effect. These new suits are building fast in popularity from a standing start—practically walking off the racks . . . and into many a “best dressed” wardrobe.

Why all the commotion? *Rayon suits offer men the looks, the wearability, the value they want.* Subtle effects in color, pattern and tailoring qualities never before attainable in medium priced clothing are now available. What’s more, these suits are as easy to wear as they are easy on the eyes. That’s because of rayon’s basic adaptability. Here is the fiber that lends itself perfectly to the weaves that retain body heat without excess weight.

But only these suits can tell the real story of the quality they offer. Step into your favorite shop and look them over!
American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



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WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RAYON

Their second war of independence



Photo by Herbert Rosenfeld

A **DESPERATE WAR** is raging in Israel. This time the enemy is shortages.

Once these boys fought to liberate their land, now they battle to build it. Their weapons are the trowel, the plow, the tractor.

The enemy holds many fronts. Housing is short. Materials are short. So is food.

All this is so because Israel, in her first forty months, doubled her population by welcoming 700,000 refugees. Those who won freedom shared their prize with those who came home from lands of danger and despair, even though they came at a rate which exceeded Israel's capacity to absorb them.

Now Israel fights again—to conquer

scarcity—to turn the great homecoming into the great home making.

The enemy can be defeated if we lend a hand through the United Jewish Appeal. New settlements can be built; new houses erected to replace shabby immigrant camps; new irrigation lines set to make waste areas productive.

Through the United Jewish Appeal we can pass the ammunition they urgently need—mortar, cinder blocks, equipment and help in absorbing those who have come, and will continue to come.

Israel's people, building a democracy like our own, have no shortages of courage and will to win.

So give today, through your local campaign. Give more than ever.

To turn the great homecoming into the great home making

United Jewish Appeal

must raise \$151,500,000 in 1952

**In 1952 the
United Jewish Appeal must:**

STRENGTHEN Israel's economy and democratic way of life—by creating 100 new agricultural settlements; developing 396 established colonies; creating and expanding 22,000 anti-austerity farms; building 21,000 housing units; carrying out vital irrigation projects.

BRING 120,000 Jews to Israel from danger zones in Eastern Europe and Arab lands.

CARE FOR 11,000 handicapped immigrants in Israel by expanding medical institutions and facilities.

EXTEND relief, medical and rehabilitation aid to 250,000 distressed Jews in Europe and Moslem areas.

RESETTLE in the United States and other democracies 10,000 displaced Jews from Europe.

A Campaign to Build and Save Lives—to Aid Israel and Democracy

on behalf of United Israel Appeal • Joint Distribution Committee • United Service for New Americans • 165 W. 46 St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

TIME, FEBRUARY 25, 1952

Westward the course of empire continues to take its way

Southern Pacific's

Golden Empire

is rich in resources like these:

38%
OF ALL U.S.
LUMBER

71%
OF ALL U.S.
PETROLEUM

86%
OF ALL U.S.
COPPER

56%
OF ALL U.S.
GOLD

100%
OF ALL U.S.
SULPHUR

32%
OF ALL U.S.
FISHERIES

53%
OF ALL U.S.
COTTON

42%
OF ALL U.S.
SILVER

44%
OF ALL U.S.
MINERALS

29%
OF ALL U.S.
SUGAR BEETS

77%
OF ALL U.S.
MELONS

77%
OF ALL U.S.
RICE

87%
OF ALL U.S.
LETTUCE

45%
OF ALL U.S.
SHEEP

24%
OF ALL U.S.
SALT

63%
OF ALL U.S.
NATURAL GAS

27%
OF ALL U.S.
LEAD

44%
OF ALL U.S.
CITRUS FRUIT

81%
OF ALL U.S.
NUTS

93%
OF ALL U.S.
GRAPES

Figures compiled from latest available
United States Government sources.

The Golden Empire served by Southern Pacific continues to be the fastest-growing area in the United States. Traffic on our 13,700 miles of lines in 8 states has always shown how the West grows. Here are some of the latest signs:

INDUSTRY 4,813 new industries have located along Southern Pacific lines since the end of World War II (see map below). For the past 25 years an average of one new industry per day requiring spur track facilities has located along S. P. lines. Since World War II that average has been more than two per day.

AGRICULTURE The volume of all products of agriculture moved by Southern Pacific annually rose from 8,262,944 tons in 1940 to 13,550,311 tons in 1950—an increase of nearly 64%. America's largest dams are in the Western empire, and coupled with the nation's most energetic private power companies, they have brought vast power for industry and have accelerated the opening of new land.

PEOPLE Southern Pacific carried 9,226,054 passengers in 1940 and 12,182,588 in 1950—an increase of 32%. The population of our 8 "S. P. States" (see map) was 18,467,411 in 1940 and 24,781,993 in 1951. This 34% increase was 2½ times the national average, while California alone accounted for one sixth of the nation's population increase. S. P.'s advertising of the West induced many of these millions to settle here. Our crack passenger streamliners actually brought many of them to their new homes.

TOTAL MOVEMENT We moved 40 billion ton-miles of freight during 1951—nearly as much as during 1944, the peak year of World War II.

Parenthetically, we're proud that our rapidly dieselizing system set its all-time efficiency record in hauling freight in 1951.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE? Peace or war, we think the economy of the eight key "Southern Pacific States" is pretty solidly based upon rich, diversified natural resources, upon expanding and diversified agricultural production, and upon continually more diversified industries. We of Southern Pacific are quite confident that the course of empire will continue its westward trend. We are proud to be foremost in serving that trend.

May we help you?

If you plan to expand in our territory we invite you to use S. P.'s confidential industrial service. Just write W. W. Hale, Vice-President, System Freight Traffic, Southern Pacific, 65 Market St., San Francisco 5.



A SYMBOL OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC WESTERN PROGRESS



SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, D. J. RUSSELL, President

TIME, FEBRUARY 25, 1952

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Peril from the Air

Ever since the day of the first transport airplane, U.S. citizens have been viewing their local airports with swelling civic pride. Even people who didn't care to ride in planes enjoyed watching them land and reflecting that their city had not been bypassed by the air age. Greater New York was no exception; it was as proud of those raucous, air-age beehives, La Guardia, Idlewild and Newark Airports, as of the sight of the *Queen Mary* sliding majestically up the Hudson.

But last week the big city suddenly began acting as though it wanted to turn its back on the air age. The reaction was triggered off when a National Airlines DC-6 crashed in Elizabeth, N.J., killing 28 passengers and four apartment dwellers (*TIME*, Feb. 18) and frightening hundreds of others almost out of their senses.

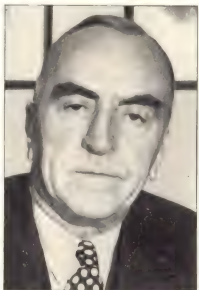
It was the third time in 2½ months that a plane had plummeted on Elizabeth, and the Port of New York Authority, fearing riots, shut the \$52 million Newark airport up tight within three hours.

Elizabeth civic leaders demanded that the airport be closed permanently. Real-estate values in the city dropped. Newark flights were switched to the other New York fields last week, increasing traffic pressure at La Guardia to a point where planes were landing and taking off every two minutes and similarly heightening activity at Idlewild. This moved nearby residents of Jackson Heights and Jamaica to a wave of protest that almost matched Elizabeth's. The subject became conversational topic A in a dozen other cities throughout the nation.

In a sense, all this had happened before: the automobile, the subway, the railroads had all been castigated as menaces to the community. As late as 1941, trains were not allowed to move along the New York Central freight tracks on Manhattan's West Side unless they were preceded by a horseman who carried a flag by day and a red lantern by night.

The airlines, wisely, did not adopt a public-be-damned attitude. To ease the pressure at La Guardia the airlines serving New York reduced daily flights from a peak of 725 to 454. Eastern Airlines' Eddie Rickenbacker, picked by the industry as its spokesman during the crisis, said: "I want the public to be satisfied."

If there were a few more plane crashes in built-up areas, the airlines would be



EDDIE RICKENBACKER
Around the beehives, a swarm of protest.

faced with a strong public demand to put airports much farther from city centers. This would cut heavily into airline traffic by reducing their time advantage over ground transport on shorter runs.

The third Elizabeth crash was attributed to mechanical failure, the possibility of which can never be wholly eliminated. The Civil Aeronautics Administration reported last week that when one engine conked out, the propeller of another had reversed its pitch because of faulty wiring.

POLITICS

Ike, Where Are You?

Last summer, the men behind the Eisenhower-for-President campaign were supremely confident. Once Ike agreed to accept, they said, neither Taft nor gloom of night could stop his nomination. "We don't need any organizations or managers," said former Senator Harry Darby of Kansas. "The only question is the general's availability." By October, the Ike-men had conceded the need for organization. But as late as December, the campaign manager, Massachusetts Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., was still calm. Said he: "There's plenty of time."

While the Eisenhower men were thus

expressing confidence, Ohio's Senator Robert A. Taft and his managers and organizations were stumping around the U.S. scooping up pledged delegates. By January, the Ike forces decided that the "only question" had better be answered quickly. With considerable transatlantic furor, they brought forth an announcement: Ike is a Republican; he will accept the nomination, if offered. But it was soon apparent that the magic words had not produced the desired effect. There was no great G.O.P. swing toward Ike, although he continued to be an overwhelming favorite among independent voters.

Last week the Eisenhower strategists surveyed a Republican scene that was not at all what they wanted to see. Bob Taft was touring the country, speaking out on issues, and Republicans were listening; Ike was an ocean away, and all his supporters had a collection of statements he made two and three years ago. The top Ike leaders came to a painful decision: the general must come back to the U.S. by May 1 and campaign, as a full-fledged candidate, in civilian clothes. If he doesn't, only a political miracle can get him the nomination. They sent that word off to Ike, and perched on the edges of their chairs, awaiting an answer.

"Quite a Lad"

With a benign smile on his face and ready answers on his lips, Robert Alphonso Taft plodded through the Northwest last week, seeking the votes of delegates and the good will of men. Working 18-hour days (his smile was as big at 11 p.m. as it was at 6 a.m.), the Senator from Ohio held press conferences before breakfast, met covets of politicians, students, businessmen and farmers, ate fried chicken at box suppers, and all the while held a steady bead on his main target: the Truman Administration.

He Sought the Young. Most of those who came to hear Taft's speeches were comfortable, middle-aged people. He sought out the younger and the not so comfortable, wherever he could find them. In Spokane, where he talked to 3,000 at a Chamber of Commerce banquet, he also answered students' questions at the Jesuits' Gonzaga University. From a dim back corner of the gymnasium, a student shouted: "Senator Taft, do you favor sending an ambassador to the Vatican?" Taft had a prompt reply. "I don't believe a formal ambassador is necessary," he said in his flat voice. "But we should have some sort

of emissary there." Later, a young Republican asked: "What would you do about the war in Korea?" Replied Taft: "A deadlocked peace is better than a deadlocked war. I think we'd better make a deadlock peace and go on from there. The Russians moved into Korea after Acheson and the President had publicly announced that we would never defend it. . . . In Korea, we stand exactly where we stood when we entered, except everything has been leveled to the ground. . . . The Administration didn't want to win the war in Korea. Certainly no nation has been as idiotic in its foreign policy as this."

Two or three times a day, Taft hampered at a money point: \$65 billion of the \$85 billion U.S. budget is going to the military. By the time he left town, the people were talking about that. "Sixty-five billion out of 85 billion is what Truman is giving

guy, but they wouldn't give him time to answer all our questions."

In Denver, Taft spoke to nearly 8,000 at a box supper, sharing the platform with Colorado's Republican Senator Eugene D. Millikin, who took the occasion to announce that he is for Taft, and Republican Governor Dan Thornton, an avowed Eisenhower man. On most of his tour Taft avoided mention of Eisenhower. But at a Denver press conference, when a reporter asked what support he expected from labor, Taft answered with a question: "What does General Eisenhower think of the Taft-Hartley law? He's going to have to answer questions like that sooner or later if he plans to run, and when he does he's going to lose votes, one way or the other." Another newspaper wanted to know how long he thought it would take to clean up corruption in the Government, Taft

Last week the game of now-you-see-em-now-you-don't hit such a dizzy pace that even its master player tried to call it quits.

Illinois' aged (85) Congressman Adolph Sabath emerged from the President's office and gave waiting correspondents the latest teasing hint from Harry Truman. According to the Congressman, the President said: "I have had seven years of it, and it's been a trying job. . . . I would prefer to lay aside the burdens and responsibilities. . . . The only thing that can make me run is if I feel it is in the interest of my country and the peace of the world."

Truman well knew what to expect a couple of days later when the newsmen trooped into his weekly press conference. Here it comes, he cracked, as the first question was raised. Then, allowing himself to be directly quoted, he called off the guessing game:

"We don't want to make this thing ridiculous. I have carefully and conscientiously tried to answer all your questions. . . . But it seems to me that it is about time now for you to wait until I get ready to make the necessary announcement. . . .

"I don't want to confuse you. . . . It is a difficult decision for me to make. . . . I have said all to you that I am going to say on this subject. . . . It is not in any spirit of not wanting to cooperate with you. But I am not ready to make the announcement. When I get ready you shall have it."

This statement seemed to reverse Truman's repeated assertions that he had made up his mind long ago. The truth probably is that he has made up his mind on a contingent basis—and the contingencies are not yet clear. Also, Truman has nothing much to gain by an early announcement. Whenever he wants it, the master of the world's greatest mass of patronage can get the nomination. His power to pass the nomination on to a man of his choice is less firm. The longer he delays announcement of his own intentions, the harder it will be to organize opposition to his choice.

Wildcatter

Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Robert Samuel Kerr began seeking his \$10 million fortune by drilling oil wells in Oklahoma City right up to the lawn of the State Capitol. Last fall Bob Kerr began drilling a political wildcat which he hopes will lead to a better-known piece of public property.

He spudded in his campaign for the White House with a series of tub-thumping speeches through the Middle West, where he is best known. Publicly he was all for re-electing Harry Truman; on the side he was busily lining up the polls for himself, if Truman stays out. He revealed his strategy a fortnight ago by announcing that he would run in the Nebraska primary on April 1. Last week—while their man was speechmaking in Iowa—Kerr's supporters claimed that he has already lined up 150 Midwestern delegates to the Chicago convention.

Kerr is certainly no shoo-in. He is not well known nationally. He has alienated



Associated Press

REPUBLICANS MILLIKIN, TAFT & THORNTON

A ready smile, a steady bead and a question for a general.

the Army," said a Spokane cab driver. "My gawd!"

In Seattle, a crowd of 5,000 jammed the Civic Auditorium to hear Candidate Taft at a Lincoln Day banquet. He was so absorbed in his attack on the Truman foreign policy that he almost forgot to include a mention of Lincoln in his speech, but worked in a few lines just before he started speaking.

No Arm Leading. In Portland, even an 18-hour day wasn't long enough. While Taft was talking with a farm-business group, local G.O.P. men grabbed his arm and tried to take him off to another conference, explaining: "You'll just have to excuse us; the Senator's way behind schedule." Bob Taft, who doesn't like to be led around by the arm, turned abruptly away from the politicians. "We have time for more questions," he said sharply. After a conference with organized labor representatives, a C.I.O. Marine Cooks & Stewards Union director said: "He seems like a pretty nice

guy, but they wouldn't give him time to answer all our questions."

This week, after traveling 5,504 miles and stopping at twelve cities in eight states, Robert Taft flew back to Washington. Reporters who had followed him along the campaign trail agreed that he had done a good job of winning delegates and influencing voters. They recalled the comment of an Idaho man after Taft's visit. Said Boise Broker Don F. Daly: "I thought he had a lot of personality, something I thought before he did not have. He has developed into quite a lad."

Harry Won't Quite Say

By all appearances, the old pol in the White House has been having himself a wonderful time keeping everyone guessing about whether or not he will run again for the presidency. Harry Truman began the fun almost a year ago, when he told newsmen that he had made up his mind and in due time would let them know about it.

Northern Negroes by hedging on Truman's civil-rights program. Some labor and consumer groups turned against him in 1950 when he engineered through Congress a bill to exempt natural gas producers from control by the Federal Power Commission. Its opponents charged that the bill would allow the producers—including Kerr—to milk the public of nearly \$100 million in higher rates. Truman vetoed the bill, but the Kerr forces got what they wanted anyway by persuading the FPC to refuse jurisdiction.

Big (6 ft. 3 in.) Bob Kerr's assets are nevertheless impressive. For a start, he was born, 55 years ago, in a log cabin. He is a teetotaling, nonsmoking Baptist* who teaches Sunday school. Last year he made the headlines by charging that Washington's cocktail-party society is "a national danger [that] dulls the wits of men who are determining the nation's future." As governor (and a good one) of Oklahoma from 1943 to 1947, he made news by betting a barrel of sorghum against a fatted hog that his state would buy more war bonds per capita than Nebraska. (It did.)

He vigorously supported Truman's campaign in 1948, jumped ably to his defense last spring in the MacArthur Donnybrook when other Democrats scurried for cover. On the hustings, Kerr is a master of give-'em-hell oratory. He loves to denounce the "bewitched, bothered and bewildered" Republicans. He says they are divided and ailing from "MacArthuritis." When Kerr's opponents make cracks about his wealth, he replies scornfully that he got married in 1925 on \$125 a month, and adds: "You should have seen me and my family under Hoover."

That's the kind of brass-knuckled politicking that Harry Truman respects. But Wildcatter Kerr's one hope of striking the pay zone is Truman's endorsement.

How Delegates Are Chosen

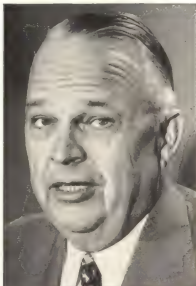
Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas last week pointed a monkey finger at the forthcoming national conventions. Said Democrat Douglas: "The delegates to these conventions will not really represent the people. They will have been chosen by the party bosses and the professional political leaders in most of the states."

Paul Douglas had in mind a bill he has introduced in the Senate. Its purpose: to encourage more presidential preference primaries in the states this year. But what the Illinois Senator and some others really want is embodied in a proposal by Florida's Democratic Senator George Smathers: a U.S. constitutional amendment to establish national presidential primaries and abolish national party conventions.†

The search for a better way to nomi-

* For news of other Baptists in politics, see RELIGION.

† Under the present British system, there are no primaries, and every candidate must be approved by the national headquarters of his party before he can campaign as a party member. The British system produces both the assets and the liabilities of ironclad party discipline.



John Zimmerman

CANDIDATE KERR
From \$125 to \$10,000,000.

nate presidential candidates is almost as old as the presidency itself. In the early presidential elections, candidates were selected by members of Congress sitting in caucus. In 1824, Andrew Jackson and his followers rebelled against "King Caucus," and paved the way for the convention system. In 1905, the Wisconsin legislature passed a law for direct election of all delegates to national conventions. In 1910, Oregon adopted the first presidential preference primary. In 1913, President Wilson urged virtually the same plan that Senator Smathers now proposes.

Then the direct primary tide began to recede. Iowa, Vermont, Montana repealed their presidential preference laws; they



Associated Press

TAX EXPERT NUNAN
From \$636,000 to \$4,500.

had found that most of their citizens did not bother to vote in presidential primaries.

The Present Setup. Now, the 48 states are using a hodgepodge of primaries, conventions and committee meetings to select their delegates (1,205 to the Republican convention, up to 1,590 to the Democratic).

Twelve states have presidential preference primaries, in which candidates' names appear on the ballot (e.g., New Hampshire). But in no state does the preference vote really bind the delegates.

Sixteen states elect some or all of their delegates in primaries. In only two (Minnesota, Ohio) does the ballot clearly show which presidential candidate each prospective delegate favors. In others, the voter either sees no indication on the ballot or is confronted with some more or less vague bit of prose. In Oregon, where the candidate for delegate may have a twelve-word slogan after his name on the ballot, one 1948 aspirant offered the voter this guidance: "You may have full confidence I will do my duty as delegate."

Thirty-two states name some or all of their delegates by convention and political committee. In some states (e.g., Washington), the process begins with precinct caucuses, which elect representatives to county meetings. The county meetings then send delegates to a state convention, which elects the national delegates.

Variation & Combination. There are almost as many variations in this procedure as there are states. Democratic and Republican practice differs in some states (e.g., Alabama, where the Democrats' delegates are elected in a primary, the Republicans' at conventions). New York, which sends the biggest delegates (96 Republican, 98 Democratic), uses a combination of committee and primary selection. State committees of both parties select delegates at large; congressional district delegates are elected in primaries.

In spite of widespread dissatisfaction with the present setup, and almost universal ignorance of its ramifications, the Douglas-Smathers proposals have little chance of adoption.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Old Familiar Faces

Senator John J. Williams, the Delaware Republican who touched off the scandals in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, fired another salvo last week. His target was Joseph D. Nunan Jr., Commissioner of Internal Revenue from 1944 until he resigned in 1947, with a warm letter of thanks from Harry Truman, to become a Manhattan tax attorney. Many of the officials whom the tax scandals have forced out of office were his close associates, but Nunan himself had appeared only on the edges of the investigations. Senator Williams now fitted him into a gallery of old familiar faces.

In 1949, said Williams, Nunan represented an Indianapolis brewery that was fighting a Government tax claim for

\$636,000. Nunan somehow got a settlement for a piffing \$4,500. The Washington officials who so generously okayed the reduction were none other than T. Lamar Caudle of the Justice Department and BIR's Charles Oliphant, both of whom figured conspicuously in the Washington housecleaning. The brewery case, Williams continued, covered years when Nunan was boss of the BIR. Ex-BIR officials are forbidden by law to act in such cases, he said, but "it appears that this section of the law has not been strictly enforced." Nunan got around it through a waiver from the Treasury Department; Williams produced a photostat copy.

None of this was necessarily wrong, Williams conceded, but a Government tax-collection error of such suspicious proportions, plus the notorious names involved, plus the Treasury's apparent indifference, was certainly "most interesting."

In New York, Nunan denied any wrongdoing, and specifically that he had represented the Indianapolis brewery; he refused to discuss the charges further with newsmen. The Treasury hastily announced that waivers to ex-officials were "routine" and revealed that nine had been issued to Nunan alone and 87 to his partner John P. Wenchel.

In Indianapolis, newsmen discovered that one of the owners of the brewery was one Lawrence Bardin, an ex-convict (for falsifying beer labels) currently facing criminal charges of income-tax evasion; one of his lawyers is Joe Nunan. Next came the titillating news that when Bardin and his brothers bought the brewery in 1945, the deal was arranged by Frank McHale, Democratic National Committeeman for Indiana. And some of the capital, said one of the brothers, was put up by a bank headed by none other than Frank McKinney, Democratic National Chairman—who vigorously denied it.

At week's end, to nobody's surprise, a House subcommittee investigating the tax scandals subpoenaed Joe Nunan to come to Washington next week, to answer a few questions.

THE CONGRESS

Exit Muley

Along about 1940, North Carolina's Robert Lee ("Muley") Doughton, Congress' oldest member, inaugurated a biennial ritual that Washington hands learned to take as a sign of spring. First comes a spate of rumors that Muley will not run again. Then comes a statement to the press: in response to his friends' demands, he will run after all. The ceremony came off right on schedule a fortnight ago; it was almost time to look for the first forsythia. Then, last week, Muley sadly broke the tradition. He announced that his doctors had ordered him not to risk the strain of another campaign.

In teetotaling Muley Doughton—"what little brains I got, I have to keep sober so I can do my work"—Washington was losing a sturdy landmark. At 88, he is getting deaf (though some say he

can hear just fine when he wants to). In the last year or so, he has taken to sleeping in, gets to his office around 8 a.m., three hours later than in the old days. But his 6 ft. 2 in. frame is still as straight as an Indian's and almost as tough as it was in his boyhood on the farm, when he could strike sparks from a rock with his bare feet (according to legend).

The son of a Confederate officer, Doughton was raised in Alleghany County on the edge of the Appalachians. He first went to Congress in 1911 and has served continuously ever since, longer than anyone in the House except Illinois' Adolph Sabath, 85, who began in 1907. Doughton became chairman of the Ways & Means Committee in 1933, and except for the Republican years of 1947-48, has ruled it ever since. He loyally supported the pump-priming experiments of the New Deal, helped pioneer the nation's first social security law, and backed the first reciprocal trade agreements. His basic philosophy on taxes: "Get the most feathers with the fewest squawks from the goose." During his tenure, the feathers added up to \$380 billion in tax bills.

Last week, when Muley finished reading his retirement announcement for the television cameras, he turned to the technicians and asked: "Curtains?" Came the reply: "Yes, Mr. Chairman, that's all." Doughton nodded slightly, blinked, brought his hands slowly together like the final curtain of a long, long play, and repeated, half to himself: "Curtains."

LABOR

Union Shop by U.S. Order

The U.S. Wage Stabilization Board will soon make a recommendation that may profoundly affect all U.S. labor. Up before the board are three major disputes, involving steel, aluminum and aircraft

workers; in each instance, the unions are demanding the union shop.

The Taft-Hartley law, which bans the closed shop, permits the union shop whenever a majority of workers votes for it. Under a union-shop contract, the worker must become a union member within a specified period (usually 30 to 60 days) after being hired or after the contract is signed; his union dues are usually deducted from his wages (checkoff); but, in any case, refusal to join the union or failure to pay dues means that the employer is required to fire him.

Last week the Wage Stabilization Board was handed a pregnant precedent: another high governmental agency recommended the union shop for an entire industry. The case involved the nation's railroads and the 17 unions representing non-operating workers (office, shop and track hands). The recommendation was sent to President Truman by a specially created Emergency Board.

The board's three members (New Jersey Arbitrator David L. Cole, New York Labor Consultant Aaron Horvitz, California Professor George E. Osborne) unanimously agreed that: 1) Congress has okayed the principle of the union shop; 2) the union shop now covers at least 3,900,000 U.S. workers; 3) unions are right in arguing that non-union workers who enjoy union-gained benefits are "free riders . . . unjustly enriched."

The railroads are not legally required to accept the Emergency Board's findings, and some clenched their legal knuckles. Donald R. Richberg, once a New Dealer but now a lawyer for Southeastern railroads, denounced the board's findings as "intolerable" and a threat to "free institutions." But the country's big union leaders smacked their lips. Said one C.I.O. man in tones of conscious piety: "It would be discriminatory to recommend the union shop for one industry and not for others."

Would Government policy on the union shop become a political issue? Perhaps it would—but perhaps it would be postponed until after Election Day.

HEROES

A Man's a Man

Cornelius ("Connie") Charlton was the eighth and biggest of Mrs. Van Charlton's 17 babies—he weighed 15 lbs. 8 oz. at birth—and he was a good boy from the time he could toddle. Unlike many other U.S. parents, the Charltons never thought for a moment that he would grow up to be President. The Charltons are Negroes.

Negroes or not, they had great hopes for Connie. When he was 15, he stood 6 ft. tall and weighed 180 lbs. He never touched liquor, tobacco or profanity; he was honest, liked to cook, did well in his schoolwork and yearned to be a soldier.

"Mom, tell 'em a little tale," he begged. "Tell 'em I'm old enough to join the Army." His mother made him wait until he was 17, but she was delighted. Connie's father, a thin, patient man, had toiled as a



SERGEANT CORNELIUS CHARLTON
Mom had great hopes.

West Virginia coal miner for 38 years, and then, seeking opportunity, had moved the family to the noisy streets of The Bronx. All he had found were part-time jobs as a porter and sexton. In Mrs. Charlton's mind, soldiering would be a fine career. When Connie finished his freshman year in high school and enlisted in the Army, his mother kissed him goodbye as she had kissed his three brothers who served in World War II, and a fourth who enlisted after V-J day.

The Third Day. News of Connie came to the Charltons intermittently. He served as an enlisted clerk at Aberdeen Proving Ground. He was transferred to Okinawa. Last year, when he was 21, he wrote proudly that he was with the 25th Infantry Division in Korea—and a sergeant. He had raised a mustache "befitting his position." Then the Charltons got word that Connie had been killed.

Connie died on June 2, 1951, near Chipo, Korea, at the summit of a heavily defended hill which his company had been attacking without success for two days. When his platoon leader was wounded on the third day, Connie took over. The assault party was pinned down by intense fire from automatic weapons in fortified emplacements above them. Connie crept forward, knocked out the first two positions with hand grenades, and organized a new assault. He was badly wounded. The platoon was driven back by a hail of explosives. Undaunted, he regrouped his men and led them forward once more. They were driven back again.

Crest of the Hill. Bleeding profusely from the chest, he saw to the removal of other wounded men, and rallied the survivors. They fought to the crest. But there was an enemy emplacement hidden on the reverse slope of the hill. He charged it alone and was again hit by a grenade. But before he died, he "raked the position with devastating fire which eliminated it and routed the defenders."

Last week, on Abraham Lincoln's birthday, Sergeant Cornelius H. Charlton was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. "The death of my boy," said his father, "distinctly makes a liar out of Paul Robeson and others who have said the Negro will not fight for our country. Those . . . who have felt that the Negro is a second-class citizen must know in their hearts that it isn't so."

RACES

Democracy in Southwood

The white bungalow with the pink shutters in San Francisco's Southwood subdivision was just what Sing Sheng and his family wanted. With their second baby coming soon, they needed more room than they had in their little house on Eagle Street, and Southwood was only ten minutes away from Sing's job as a mechanic for Pan American World Airways. So Sing, a 26-year-old former Chinese Nationalist intelligence officer, scraped together \$2,950 for the down payment, and began buying furniture. Then he got a phone call. Their



SING SHENG (RIGHT) & FAMILY
The neighbors' property was safe.

future neighbors, all white, didn't want them to move in. "I was not born in America, and I don't understand," said Sing. "I didn't know about any race prejudice at all."

Nothing Personal. Sing, a U.S. college graduate who took refuge in the U.S. when the Communists came to power in China, thought surely that a problem like this could be solved in a democracy. He asked to see some of the neighbors, and was pleased as could be when the first man who showed up was Charles H. ("Harry") Carlyle, a fellow Pan American employee. Sing and Carlyle had met at the plant, and Carlyle had fondly recalled the Chinese friends he made in China before the war. But Harry quickly made it clear that he was not on Sing's side. Nothing personal, he said, but the property owners didn't want the area overrun by non-Caucasians and the value of their homes lessened. The other neighbors added that they had clauses in their deeds forbidding sales of properties to non-Caucasians.

Sing knew that the U.S. Supreme Court had declared such clauses unenforceable. What would happen if he insisted on his rights and moved in? Well, said the neighbors, the children might be inclined to throw garbage on his lawn and break his windows. Sing said he didn't see how children would do things like that unless their parents told them to, and that hardly seemed like a good way to bring up children in a country dedicated to the principles of Washington and Lincoln.

At that point, Les Clements, construction supervisor for Williams & Burrows, Southwood home builders, stepped up to straighten out Sing's thinking. "Look," said Clements. "You've been to college

and been taught to think that the U.S. is just like the America of Washington and Lincoln that they write about in history. But that's not the whole picture. There are other things to be considered, and people must stick together to protect their property rights."

"Please Vote for Us." Then Sing proposed a "democratic" way out: let the neighbors vote on whether his family should move in, and he would abide by the decision. The residents agreed, and a ballot went to every Southwood home. With great hope, Sing sent each resident a letter: "Before you reach any decision as to how you will vote in the ballot, allow us to tell you our opinion. The present world conflict is not between individual nations, but between Communism and democracy. We think so highly of democracy because it offers freedom and equality. America's forefathers fought for these principles and won the independence of 1776. We have forsaken all our beloved in China and have come to this country seeking the same basic rights. Do not make us the victims of false democracy. Please vote for us." A real-estate development company also sent out a letter to Southwood's home owners: protect your property, keep the non-Caucasians out.

Last week, in Harry Carlyle's garage, the votes were counted: 174 objected to Sing Sheng and his family; only 28 did not, 14 had no opinion.

Sing, neatly dressed in a double-breasted dark blue suit, rose to speak to the neighbors while his Chinese-American wife wept. "Thank you very much for your decision," said Sing bitterly. "I hope your property values will go up every three days."

CRIME

Crackdown on the Klan

From the South, the robed riders of the Klan came over the border of North Carolina on a hot July night in 1950. A column of 30-odd cars carried the Ku Kluxers through tobacco, cotton, peanut and sweet potato fields, then drove slowly along the streets of Tabor City (pop. 2,028), a sleepy Tarheel town that likes to call itself the "yam capital of the world."

Except for a few blank shots and a wailing of sirens by the Klansmen, nothing much happened on that first ride. But the invaders soon came back again. They set up fiery crosses, and signed up recruits (at \$4 a member). Then followed terror. In the space of a year, the robed riders struck more than a dozen times.

A night-riding mob of 40 or 50 beat up a Negro housewife; it was rumored that they were really after her husband for philandering with a white woman. Other floggings were given to Negro and white victims variously charged with wife beating, failure to attend church, drunkenness, disrespect to parents, laziness. Warnings on Klan stationery were sent to many: one woman was told that there was only one man, specifically named, that she was to go out with. If she went out with anybody else, "steps would be taken." It got so, around Tabor City, that everyone polished up his shotgun, and the question "Have you been kluxed?" became understandable English language.

Not everybody took it lying down. Two newspaper editors, for one good instance, were strongly of the opinion that it was still a free country—or ought to be. Tabor City's *Tribune*, run by Editor Horace Carter, and the neighboring *Whiteville News Reporter* lashed out against the "infamous marauders." Their editorials began to attract support and outside attention. State

and federal agents began investigating. Finally, last week, the FBI cracked down.

Ten Klansmen were hauled in on charges of kidnaping and flogging a white man and a white woman whom they had transported across the state line. The FBI said that the victims were forced to bend over a car fender, then were beaten with a machine belt nailed to a pick handle. Between blows, the victims were made to pray, and listen to sermons and hymn singing from the Klansmen.

It was one of the Federal Government's sharpest attacks yet on the K.K.K. By choosing a clear-cut case of interstate abduction, the FBI can prosecute under the federal Lindbergh law, which provides a maximum penalty of death. Around Tabor City, at least, some of the robed riders were going to learn that the U.S. is not the fascist state they would like to make it.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Byrnes on the Barricades

The governor of South Carolina, James Byrnes, is a distinguished politician who was once an undistinguished Secretary of State and an even less distinguished Justice of the Supreme Court. He knows the temper of his state. He and South Carolina's legislature are cheek to cheek on the question of "white supremacy." They would abolish the state's public-school system rather than give up the segregation of Negroes and whites.

At Columbia last week, the house of representatives, following similar action by the senate, voted in favor of a popular referendum to repeal a section of South Carolina's constitution that provides free public schools for all children. Critics of the Byrnes proposal warned that it was a "revolution," and that it might lead from "confusion" to "chaos" in education and racial rights.

The governor has had his dander up ever since the state's school system came under legal fire about a year ago from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. A federal district court in Charleston ordered an improvement in school facilities for Negroes, but found nothing illegal in segregation. The N.A.A.C.P., arguing that segregation is an infringement of the 14th Amendment, carried the issue to the U.S. Supreme Court, which has still to pass judgment. If the high tribunal bans segregation, the state's public schools may be replaced by privately operated schools subsidized by the state, but run for their own races by Negro and white church groups. The N.A.A.C.P. promised last week to fight the governor's maneuver to the legal hilt.

MANNERS & MORALS

Cheating at Chappaqua

Residents of the outside world are inclined to look upon the citizens of New York's Westchester County as the mink, martini & money set, with hardly a petty thief in a trainload. Last week George A. Williams, the New York Central Railroad's station agent at Chappaqua in northern Westchester, shattered that illusion. Agent Williams had made a painful discovery: he was losing as much as \$12 a week from the "honor system" cash box on his newspaper stand. Williams bored a hole in the ceiling above the newsstand, poked the lens of a camera through, and took movies of five well-dressed commuters (four men, one woman) putting in little coins and taking out big ones. Then he slapped a sign over the stand asking: "Shall we have an early show some morning or do I rate reimbursement?"

After the 7:43 a.m. express to New York chuffed off that day, Williams found he was \$2.40 short. ("One of those birds . . . can't read," he cracked.) Next day he broke even. By that time the story was in the newspapers, and New York Central officials were expressing their concern about Williams' insulting Chappaqua's 700 commuters. Surprised at all the fuss and resigned to human nature in Chappaqua, the un-reimbursed agent tossed the telltale film in the furnace and philosophically dropped one last insult: "After all . . . only five out of 700 were thieves."

ARMED FORCES

Home Early

The Army last week had some welcome news for 170,000 of the reservists and National Guardsmen summoned to active duty after Korea. Though their 24-month tours of duty will not begin to expire until summer, the Army will start letting them out in March. Reason: Many units (e.g., the 28th, 40th, 43rd, 45th National Guard Divisions) were called up at the same time. The Army cannot send them all home at once, must stagger the discharges over a period of months as it trains draftees to take their place.



K.K.K. CROSS BURNING IN NORTH CAROLINA
Between prayers and hymn singing, the Kluxing.

Frank Walker—LIFE

INTERNATIONAL

WESTERN EUROPE

Serious Joke

"Two years ago," goes a story which Western diplomats tell on themselves, "nothing stood between the Russians and the Channel. Now they would have to struggle past committee after committee."

In a spacious modern school in Lisbon, cleared of students for the occasion, the diplomatic, military and economic brains of the North Atlantic Alliance gathered this week with their full panoply of committees, subcommittees and commissions. One of their big objectives was to take the sting out of that joke.

NATO's complex cumbersomeness is chiefly on the political and economic side. On the military side, General Dwight Eisenhower's SHAPE command has settled into a tight, efficient routine. At Lisbon, NATO's chiefs (numbering about 30 ministers) hoped to fashion a close-knit governing board of twelve full-time members with enough power and privacy to make big political and economic decisions, the way Eisenhower's SHAPE can make military ones.

Prospects before the Lisbon meeting: **Arms.** Good but not good enough. A year ago, when Ike took over, he had eleven available divisions, only one of them combat ready. Now he has 30, of which 20 are combat ready. The other ten are in "good position" in southern France and northern Italy. To support the land forces, there are 14 tactical air wings. SHAPE figures itself about 105% shy of its present goals. The big military question at Lisbon is German rearmament: the conflict between Germany's price for rearming and France's conditions for letting Germany rearm (see FOREIGN NEWS). Technically, Lisbon will be discussing the mechanics of linking NATO with the European Army once an army is formed, but the current troubles over forming it overshadow that.

Members. At Lisbon, Greece and Turkey will be voted into NATO, expanding the alliance to 14 countries and stretching its reach from Iceland to the Dardanelles.

Money. The big question is who pays, and how much. Lisbon will hear a report from NATO's Three Wise Men—W. Averell Harriman of the U.S., Jean Monnet of France, Sir Edwin Plowden of Britain—who have been working secretly and late on the figures. Though most NATO partners fear they can no longer carry the defense load without serious inflationary crises at home, the Wise Men have urged Belgium and Canada to ante up more. They asked West Germany to contribute 13 billion marks; Germany said it could afford only 10; they compromised at 11 billion (in dollars, 2.6 billion).

Mood. A year ago, NATO had to fight the despair that asked "What's the use?" Now that NATO's rearming has reduced this defeatism, it must fight a complacency: "What's the point of doing more?"

COMMUNISTS

The Iron International

Communism last week unsheathed a new political weapon. In Soviet Vienna, 130 metalworkers, carefully selected from Red-ruled unions on both sides of the Iron Curtain, assembled in the "Temple of Workers' Unity" to found by acclamation the "Iron International." Their purpose was to fight a new menace from the

Chrysler, a proposition that seemed to offer an acceptable formula on an important issue.

The question before the tent was what the military commanders of both sides should recommend to their governments for joint discussion, after a truce is effected. Hitherto the Communists have been demanding that any settlement of the Korean question must also include settlement of Formosa and U.N. recog-



Plowden



Harriman



Monnet

From what's the use to why do more.

U.S. The real enemy of peace, cried Iron Internationalist Giovanni Kovada, delegate from Trieste, is the American "productivity campaign" in Western Europe. According to the Reds, U.S. help to French, Italians and Britons to grow more food, make more steel, mine more coal and grow more prosperous is a form of "super-exploitation," which forces the workers to pay the costs of war. Iron International proposed to rescue Europeans from the web of "Wall Street-propagated productivity" by encouraging them to feign sickness, refuse overtime, work carelessly and damage factory equipment.

BATTLE OF KOREA

All But Quiet on the Front

In its 85th week of war, and 31st of trucking, the Battle of Korea was at its quietest. U.S. casualties were less than in any other week: 29 killed, 19 missing, 189 wounded. In the air war, the Fifth Air Force last week reported the loss of three planes, lowest toll since it began pounding the enemy supply lines last August.

CEASE-FIRE

Et Cetera

At Panmunjon last week, the frozen furrows of the millet field around the truce talks tent softened to the first thaw of the new year. The cold features of North Korea's General Nam Il were also a degree or two warmer. For the first time since the resumption of the truce talks last fall, the Communist negotiator brought along with him, in his shiny black

niton of Red China. Now Nam simply proposed that a high-level political conference be held, within three months of signing the armistice, "by representatives appointed respectively to settle . . . the withdrawal of all foreign forces from Korea, a peaceful settlement of the Korean question, et cetera."

Chief U.N. Negotiator Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy took a hard look at the text of Nam's proposal. He has learned to be as skeptical of Nam plausible as of Nam bellicose. In brevity and tone the Nam proposal was businesslike, but the little phrase "et cetera" could hide a mess of Communist chicanery. Admiral Joy decided that he would buy Nam's 79-word proposal—if his interpretation of it was correct. Was he right in thinking that the appointed "representatives" would include the Republic of South Korea? (Yes, said Nam.) Would the "foreign forces" be to withdraw include the Chinese "volunteers"? What exactly did the Communists mean by "et cetera"? Nam asked for time out to look at Joy's interpretation.

There still remained two major truce issues to be settled: 1) the Communist right to build airfields during the armistice, 2) the right of prisoners of war on both sides to voluntary repatriation.

Those whose business it is at Panmunjon to raise a moistened finger to the wind and test the weather detected some signs of clearing skies last week. Pessimists read the signs another way: whenever the West becomes too restive over Chinese stalling, the Chinese become briefly conciliatory, and the talk goes on & on & on.

NEWS IN PICTURES



LA GUARDIA FIELD, located in shadow of Manhattan's skyline, was latest airport to feel local protests over series of plane crashes.

N.Y. Daily News
New safety committee-ordered daily flights cut from 725 to 454 after La Guardia's three runways were swamped by shutdown of Newark.



FRENCH RIOT, touched off by Communist strikers, was sample of nation's unrest in week of debate over European rearmament. At big

Associated Press
Renault automobile works outside of Paris, police arrested 200 Reds, after 7,000 tried to close plant to 28,000 non-Communist workers.



FUNERAL PROCESSION of King George VI moves past ancient walls of Windsor Castle, home of British monarchs since William the

Conqueror. Caisson-borne casket was drawn from Windsor station to burial services at St. George's Chapel by men of the Royal Navy.

FRANCE

In Fear & Hatred

A scarred, crippled man wearing not one but two hearing aids hobbled painfully to the rostrum with the help of a pair of canes. A tail-coated usher darted forward to help hoist him to the speaker's platform. There he grasped a table for support and then gulped a handful of pills. A hush fell over France's Chamber of Deputies as Georges Heuillard, deputy from the Seine-Inférieure, began to speak. His misshapen body and his scarred, waxen face were his honorable credentials.

"For two years," said Deputy Heuillard, "I was in a concentration camp. I saw die all my comrades in the Resistance network. I saw die in Flossenbürg almost the entire shipment of prisoners who had come from Buchenwald. . . . We had sworn an oath among us that the eventual survivors would never permit Germany to recreate her military strength. Today, despite all these memories, despite all these material and moral ruins still yawning before us, we are about to recreate the German army. . . . Is our public opinion ready to accept the consequences? Ask those who were deported or the families of those who did not return. . . . poor innocents! Ask the young men who helped to beat down military Germany, the eternal Germany, the Germany of all time!"

"I Am Going to Die." Choked with emotion and weak from standing, Heuillard swallowed more pills and looked sadly at Foreign Minister Robert Schuman.

"I am going to die, *Monsieur le Ministre*," he cried. "I am condemned. My election found me in a surgical clinic. . . . I am dying because of the German army. I would not want my sons or my grandsons to be enlisted alongside the tyrants and executioners of their father. . . . I have fulfilled my mission. I had promised my comrades to do it. I am happy that destiny today should have enabled me to replace the force which I lack with the energy to come and cry to you: Beware of Germany! Beware of Germany!"

In an oppressive silence, two ushers helped Georges Heuillard down the steps from the rostrum. Suddenly, from the Gaullists on the far right of the bright red horseshoe of seats to the Communists on the far left, the diverse and divided politicians of France leapt to their feet and exploded into applause. Ex-Defense Minister Jules Moch, whose hatred of the Germans is twofold (he is Jewish, and lost his son in the Resistance), warmly embraced Heuillard. Robert Schuman, whose efforts to sell German rearmament to his countrymen were the target of Heuillard's passionate attack, advanced toward him, tears in his eyes, to shake the deputy's hand.

Caught in the Torrent. The crippled deputy was all but unknown in the National Assembly; his party was one of the motley collection of center groups which produce the passing parade of French

postwar governments. But his choked, emotional voice was, that day last week, the authentic voice of France, divided on almost everything else, Frenchmen united in fear and hatred of Germany.

The fear had often shown itself before; it was the hatred which poured through the National Assembly last week, in a torrent of words. Dipping and bobbing in the torrent was the fate of the Western world's efforts to throw up a defense against Communist aggression. The time had come for France to declare itself on the European Army, originated by the French and now the keystone of the West's defense plans. The French had to vote on the issue before this week's crucial NATO conference in Lisbon (see INTERNATIONAL).

In the cool, logical recesses of their



DEPUTY HEUILLARD
"Beware of Germany! Beware!"

minids, Frenchmen knew they had neither the resources nor manpower to fill a European vacuum left by an unarmed Germany. They could not even defend themselves. The cream of their army (about 170,000 men) is in Indo-China. They have been able to supply the men and the equipment for only five of the ten divisions they were supposed to have ready for NATO by this year. The remaining five had only half their quota of men.

The franc was falling (to 470 for \$1 last week against an official rate of 350) and there was talk of another drastic devaluation. Blueprints for a new French tank, theoretically one of the best in the world, gathered dust on the drafting board because prices have climbed too high to produce it. Costs of French fighter planes have shot up as much as 30%.

To survive economically and to defend itself, France depends on the strength and money of the allies. The U.S. Congress

will not promise continued aid if France fails to do its part. Doing its part includes its willingness to accept the contribution of West Germany.

Old Memories. But the hated *Boche* is not a subject for cool Gallic logic. Desperately, new Premier Edgar Faure, a fast-talking lawyer, bargained, hedged and pleaded. The Gaullists, with their old-fashioned militant nationalism and 118 votes, and the Communists, with their determination to sabotage and 101 votes, could not possibly be persuaded. The Socialists, whose 106 votes held the balance, were inclined to vote against the government. Even deputies from parties in Faure's own precarious coalition were caught up in old bitter memories, and such new irritations as the Saar question and West Germany's cocky demand for full sovereignty.

Speaker after speaker laid open French fears. The Germans might come to dominate the European Army and, through it, France. The Germans might get strong and break away. German rearmament might provoke Russia to attack. "It will take two years to relieve international tension if we are to rearm Germany," cried former Premier Edouard Daladier.

Heavy with Consequences. Even Foreign Minister Robert Schuman, chief protagonist of the European Army plan and a Frenchman in head and heart, did not urge German rearmament; he simply defended its necessity. Though his Frenchness needs no proving, he sometimes seems to act as if it does. Possible reason: he lived the first 33 years of his life under the German flag as a Lorrainer, got his education in German universities and worked under compulsion in a German arsenal during World War I.

What is the alternative to a European army? he asked. "Don't you think that the U.S. and all countries which feel threatened will turn to other solutions holding for us the gravest dangers? Germany will take the place of France and the discouragement of our allies will be heavy with fearful consequences."

Brisk, persuasive Premier Faure, whose government faced defeat after only three weeks in office, made compromise after compromise. He agreed to a proviso that no German troops could be recruited until every last word of the European Army treaty had been written down and ratified by all six European governments. (This was not as crippling as it sounded, for even without the French condition it would likely take at least a year to assemble and equip German divisions.) He agreed to insist on a French veto over Germany's attempts to get full membership in NATO. He agreed to try again to woo Britain into the European Army (Britain just isn't interested).

In fact, the bill as finally amended was only a half-hearted, unwilling French decision to go along with European Army plans while not specifically approving

them. It merely postponed the day of reckoning for six or nine months. But it did give Faure a reprieve from despair and something to go to Lisbon with. And it was a compromise that the Socialists would buy. Shortly before dawn one morning last week, the weary Chamber of Deputies voted. The government won, 327 to 276—though it still had to survive a vote of confidence this week. Among those who were against the compromise, though his own party voted for it, was Deputy Georges Heuillard, whose passionate outburst had said more than the formal vote about the mood of France.

The Impostor

Two weeks ago 79-year-old Speaker Edouard Herriot heaved himself up from his chair overlooking France's Assembly to announce that one of its members, Jacques Ducreux, 41, had been killed in an auto smashup. At once the other deputies stood up, according to custom, to wait for the expected eulogy. They knew this one would probably take time: after all, Monsieur Ducreux was a member of the executive committee of Herriot's own Radical Socialist Party. Herriot started off in style: he limned the pastoral beauties of the Vosges countryside where Ducreux came from, and recalled its people's heroism during the Franco-Prussian War. But then, after effusive condolences to the deputy's family, he unexpectedly finished. The house sat down with murmurs of relief; the eulogy had been mercifully short.

But the deputies thought there was something odd about Herriot's speech. Why had he avoided tributes to Ducreux's wartime services and his promising political career? And, at the funeral, there was no honor guard, no wreath from the Assembly. Something was amiss, something which well-intentioned old Herriot had been at pains to conceal. After ten days of buzz-buzz in the corridors of the Assembly, *Paris-Press* broke the story. Deputy Ducreux had not been Deputy Ducreux; his real name was Jacques Tachet. Why had he changed his name?

From his widow came a confident retort: nothing to it, really. "Jacques changed his name because his family was ashamed to have him in politics"; his father had wanted him to take up some respectable career like wine making. Jacques had rebelled and had gone into politics, using his underground resistance name.

This was too much for the French police. They gave out the full story, which they had known since they pulled Tachet-Ducreux's body from his wrecked car and found his two identity cards. Tachet, they said, was a collaborator during the Vichy days, later joined the army in Algeria and deserted. Then—even though he was on the "wanted" list of every gendarmerie in France—he entered politics in the town of Wisenbach and got elected to parliament last year, with the help of the De Gaulists.

Speaker Herriot admitted that he had known these facts since Tachet's death, but thought it best to let the story be interred with the impostor.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Great Queue

Under the reign of George VI, Britons learned to queue—tediously and inevitably—for food, for fun, for clothing, for travel, for life's necessities and life's rewards. Last week they queued for George himself. No one could measure or plot precisely the serpentine columns of human beings that formed and reformed, doubled, branched and coiled back again along London's streets and across chilly Thames bridges, to get a last glimpse of the dead King's coffin as it lay in medieval Westminster Hall. But before the week was out, Londoners had taken to calling it "the Great Queue," marking it as an epochal event, long to be remembered.

Three Flagpoles. There were few tears in Westminster as the endless line of 305,806 people shuffled past the high cata-

hat, I said, and take a bus and go up there," explained one member of the Great Queue. "I'm glad I came," said another.

From all over the world, other official mourners poured into London to play their ordained parts in the pageant. U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson and his wife arrived in President Truman's private plane, the *Independence*. At 3 that same afternoon, the Queen's husband Philip went to London Airport to meet his aunt, the Queen of Sweden, and her royal husband Gustaf Adolf. Exiled Prince Paul of Yugoslavia came, and was whisked off by his sister-in-law the Duchess of Kent—just in time to avoid meeting Yugoslavia's Communist President Ribar. Francisco Franco's Foreign Minister got in from Lisbon just before the Pretender to the Spanish throne. The King and Queen of Denmark steamed into Harwich harbor under an escort of British destroyers. The



Keystone

BRITAIN'S THREE MOURNING QUEENS
A sense of history, a deep compulsion.

falque, flanked by guardsmen in gleaming cuirasses and Tudor-clad Beefeaters from the Tower of London. On the third night of the watch, majestic Queen Mary came with her eldest son, the Duke of Windsor, to stand stiff and erect for 20 minutes before her son's bier. Early the next evening, Queen Elizabeth, her granddaughter, slipped in with Philip and Princess Margaret. The widowed Queen came a few hours later, and remained for 20 minutes.

During the nine-day period between the King's death and his burial, most Britons had had their meed of public grief. "There is now a widespread feeling that the formal solemnity is being overdone," observed the *Manchester Guardian*. "Gloom, gloom, gloom drips forth from the BBC," complained London's *Daily Express*. But as the King's body lay in state at Westminster, Londoners felt a strong sense of history and a deep compulsion to share it. "I said to myself, Elsie, you put on your

Queen of The Netherlands came in a Dakota piloted by her husband. Fashionable Claridge's was so jammed with visiting royalty, ex-royalty and foreign representatives that the management was forced to send out for three extra flagpoles on which to fly their standards.

Thursday saw more celebrities arrive. NATO's General Eisenhower came unofficially, not to march in the procession, but to attend the funeral services as a friend of the royal family.*

Four Dukes. On Friday morning, as plain Britons jammed the curb and watched from rented windows along the way, the dignitaries lined up in another Great Queue, to escort the dead monarch to Paddington Station. Soldiers from the

* The warm wartime friendship Ike shared with King George was continued in an exchange of personal letters between the two in the last two months.

far reaches of his Commonwealth led the procession, followed by the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders from Scotland, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the Irish Guards, and detachments of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines. Britain's greatest soldiers walked with their men: Air Marshals Portal and Tedder, Field Marshals Alanbrooke, Ironside and Montgomery.

No animal has been trusted to draw a hearse in a royal funeral since a horse became fractious at Queen Victoria's funeral. Solemn lines of Navy ratings (enlisted men) in uniform blue hauled the gun carriage that bore the King's coffin. Behind them, in the bright red and gilt state coach, rode the bereaved women, dim, veiled, scarcely visible: Britain's young Queen, her mother, her sister Margaret and her aunt, the Princess Royal. Behind them, walking four abreast, came the Royal Dukes: Edinburgh, the Queen's husband; Gloucester, the King's younger brother; Windsor, who had once been King himself; and Kent, his 16-year-old nephew.

The slow procession passed Marlborough House, where all the blinds were drawn save one. In that window sat Queen Mary. When at last the gun carriage drew abreast, she stood, making a sudden, quick gesture of farewell to her dead son. The black-clad ladies in the coach bowed; the three elder Dukes saluted.

Ashes to Ashes. On wound the procession, the foreign dignitaries in the rear making a poor show beside the disciplined march of the military. Drab in topcoat and top hat they walked, wearing the abstracted look which the important learn to adopt under the pressure of staring eyes—neither marching nor sauntering, in a kind of compromise stiff-legged strut, along the weary three-mile route. At Paddington they broke ranks at last, milling and chatting discreetly as the coffin was loaded on to the funeral train amid the skirling of pipes. As the train pulled out, a blind in one coach was raised and Britain's new Queen peered out. Her breath fogged the window and she brushed the mist away with an impatient gloved hand.

Her impatience was reflected in many of the watchers. At Windsor, as another procession formed to escort the King to his last resting place, an irritated bystander muttered: "Stand still, please. Stand in one place so people can see." The Archbishops of Canterbury and York were waiting in the castle's Chapel of St. George to perform the last rites. The Primate spoke the old words from the Book of Common Prayer: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." From a silver bowl, Elizabeth II took a handful of earth and dropped it on the coffin as it slowly sank to the vault below.

All over the Commonwealth, men & women who honored Britain's dead King observed two minutes of silence. Buses halted; miners stopped work at coal faces; passengers in British planes stood up. As

Union Jacks fluttered to full staff once more, a tweedy British lady drew her breath in a quick sigh. "There," she announced, starting briskly for home, "the flags are up again. Life must go on."

BELGIUM

Royal Snub

Belgium's constitution is hard on the King's ministers. It specifically states that the ministers shall be held wholly responsible for the King's actions, good or bad. Two weeks ago, 21-year-old King Baudouin announced that he would snub the funeral of Britain's King George VI, and would send his younger brother, Prince Albert, to London in his stead. Why? Well, Baudouin is his father's son, and his memory still smarts at the British attitude



Belgian Government Information Center
KING BAUDOUIN

His father's son remembered.

towards his father Leopold over Belgium's surrender to Germany in 1940.

But Belgians are independent cusses. At Baudouin's announcement, there were angry protests. After all, Belgium had been born with Britain's help, and with Britain's help twice liberated from the Germans. Besides, said Belgians, Baudouin was just being rude. Premier Jean van Houtte's government suppressed the announcement of the King's refusal while it tried to talk him out of it.

But the King remained adamant. Last week opposition deputies moved a vote of censure against Van Houtte's government on the ground that it "has given bad advice to the King, or, what would be even worse . . . has given the right advice, but has been unable to persuade the King to follow it." The government was defeated, 91 to 84, but, since it had not been defeated on a vote of confidence, refused to resign. The opposition thereupon walked out of Parliament, refused to return until after King George's funeral.

ITALY

Umberto's One-Man War

Umberto Calosso has spent most of his 56 years fighting a rear-guard action against Fascism. In 1923 Mussolini jailed him for speaking against the new order. Calosso escaped to the north, where he got a job as a schoolteacher, but, not content merely to teach, he began editing an anti-Fascist newspaper. Hearing that Mussolini's black-shirts were after him, he fled Italy.

In 1936, after teaching school in Malta, Calosso was invited to lecture at the University of Saragossa. He arrived in Spain just as Franco began his revolt. Calosso left the train, grabbed a rifle and joined the war. Later he turned up in French Tunisia, but had to flee again when France fell and Hitler moved in. He ended up broadcasting to Italy from London for the BBC.

Last week, back in Italy and now a right-wing Socialist deputy, Calosso was fighting the same war and still losing. At the first of a series of 20 lectures on "political literature" which Calosso is delivering at the University of Rome, a pro-Fascist student released a stink-bomb in the classroom, while others cried out: "You helped us lose the war!" Next day, as Calosso waited on a street corner for a taxi, another student stepped up and emptied a can of red paint over his head. To top it all, police stopped a girl entering Calosso's classroom with a box full of angry hornets.

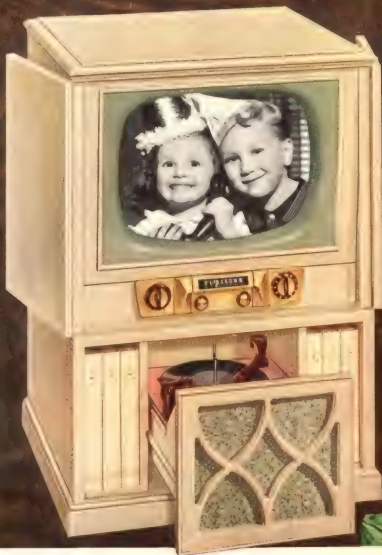
"It is bad, it is bad," said long-suffering Umberto Calosso with a cheerful smile, "that these boys and girls should have come under the evil spell of Fascism, but I have my duty. If they tear down the place, I shall keep right on with my lectures." Now protected by a green-coated cop at the door, and anti-Fascist students who check off everyone who enters, Calosso has another 15 lectures to go.

Beachhead in Livorno

Livorno (or, as the stiff-tongued British rechristened it, Leghorn) was once a busy port and a first-class naval base. Then, in World War II, Allied bombers smashed its port facilities and the retreating Germans blew up its sea wall. A year ago, the U.S. Army decided to make Livorno a big supply base, and sent a white-thatched colonel named Norman Vissering to do it. He found the port operating at 25% of capacity, the townspeople dispirited and 14,000 unemployed in a city of 150,000.

Three Hats. Vissering also discovered that much of the trouble could be traced to one man. The man was hard to corner, because he wore three hats. As president of Livorno's only shiplading company, he controlled all shiplading. As president of Livorno's Communist-line General Labor Federation, he bossed all union members. As a Communist deputy, he represented Livorno—and Joe Stalin—in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome. Under his potent trident, only card-carrying Communies and their friends could get jobs on the waterfront. His name: Vasco Jacoponi.

When Jacoponi heard that the Yanks were coming, his union announced that it



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WINTER LUXURY



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would not unload "warmongers' ships"; his Communist paper warned non-Communist workers to keep off the docks.

Colonel Vissering, while on Eisenhower's wartime staff, had picked up a trick or two about military diplomacy. So, in his first move, instead of bringing in U.S. service troops to repair the sea wall, Vissering hired local labor. Soon Livorno's people began to suspect that the Americans had come not to requisition and rape—as the Communist press proclaimed—but to spend cash and offer jobs.

Face Saved. Next, Vissering went into direct competition with his rival, Jaccoponi. He set up his own stevedoring company. The nub was 25 resolute anti-Jaccoponi dockers, all of them fast men with a fist or a bale-hook. Under protection of Italian—not American—soldiers, they unloaded two ships. Restless rank & files in the Red union, with nothing to do but watch, began nudging their leaders. Thereupon Jaccoponi, to save his face, put on his businessman's hat, made a deal with Vissering: Jaccoponi would set up a subsidiary to his monopoly to handle the U.S. Army shipping, but would let Vissering control all hiring and operations.

By this time, Vissering had studied his who's who of the Livorno waterfront. The man he picked to hire the stevedores was Dino Mariani, a stocky character who had once boxed on the Italian Olympic team and had run Genoa's waterfront until the Communists took it over and put him out of action (after a brutal thrashing by a Red goon squad).

By last week, Vissering seemed to have established his beachhead. Two hundred non-Communist dockers, at regular union rates, had cleared 40 ships. The first U.S. troops had disembarked without even a

catcall. Livorno's streets were now lively; restaurant menus had added hamburger and ham & eggs *all' americano*. Always the realists, the Communists said: "Of course we still disapprove of the U.S. warmongers . . . but we cannot stand between our union members and paying jobs."

GREECE

Treason Trial

Seven officers of the Greek army strode into a dingy courtroom in Athens one day last week and took seats near a dirty brown wall under a painting of the Sacred Heart. With the clang of a big brass bell, a colonel called the court martial to order. In the front row, 29 defendants (seven of them women) smirked, joked, smiled at friends or relatives in the crowd. Despite their elaborate show of unconcern, the 29 were on trial for their lives. It was the biggest treason trial in any Western nation since the cold war began, and the first attempt to document what the world has long known: that local Communists are financed and directed from abroad.

Armed with sheaves of evidence and backed by 52 witnesses, the prosecutor began unfolding an imposing story of Communist espionage and intrigue. It began more than 2½ years ago, after the U.S.-bolstered Greek army had crushed the Communist guerrilla revolt. Greek intelligence officers began picking up coded radio conversations between a station near Bucharest, in Communist Rumania, and clandestine stations near Athens. For more than a year they tried without success to track down the source, meanwhile collecting scores of messages in a code they could not decipher.

Snoke from a Crypt. Finally, with radio direction-finder cars, Greek army and police officers got on the trail. One beam led to an obscure chicken farm in the seacoast village of Glyfada, eight miles from Athens; another pointed to a carpenter's modest house in an Athens suburb. One night last November, the government raided both.

At the chicken farm they found a busy Red rooster named Philip Lazarides and, artfully concealed behind a wall of his house, a crypt equipped with a high-powered American radio transmitter, a newly made Russian receiving set, and a file of ciphers which gave them the key to the government's collection of coded messages. At the carpenter's home, at first they found nothing. But after searching, a policeman spotted a hole no larger than a golfball at the rear of the house. He shouted down the hole, "Come out!" and jumped back with astonishment when a muffled voice replied: "I have work to do." Then smoke curled from the small opening: the trapped man had started to burn secret papers. Police rushed for water and poured it down the hole. An instant later, a revolver cracked in the depths of the crypt.

With a crowbar, police wrenched at the hole, unexpectedly setting off a mechanism which slid back some steps and



United Press

COMMUNIST ZACHARIADES
Down the hole, the crack of death.

opened a hidden door. Inside the underground room, they found an oldtime Greek Communist named Nicholas Vavoudis dying from the bullet he had fired into his mouth. Near him was a radio receiver and sender, and more records showing how the underground got its orders from Bucharest, dispatched in return reports on politics and troop dispositions.

Messages from Exile. Director of the underground's theory and watchdog of its discipline was, the prosecution charged, a fairly successful Athens doctor. Also on trial last week was a socialist lawyer charged with being the party's finance boss. A well-known Athenian actress was accused as one of several couriers who supplied the Communists with funds smuggled from Paris. Captured messages, many of them signed by exiled Greek Red Boss Nicholas Zachariades, showed that the Communists, outlawed as a party since 1947, had manipulated the United Democratic Left, a supposedly non-Communist political party which attracted 10% of the vote and elected ten members to parliament last September.

The Greek government guessed that the trial, a court-martial instead of a civil proceeding under terms of a 1936 Greek law, would last a month. It would prove "highly instructive," promised Interior Minister Constantine Rendis, "to all countries which have not so far experienced the activities of an . . . organization which is called a political party but is, in actual fact, a fanatic and disciplined enemy army . . ."

INDONESIA

Born Yesterday

The baby Republic of Indonesia, just 26 months old, is trying to walk a neutral course down the shaky sidewalk of Southeast Asia. In its uncertainty, it makes a policy of staring haughtily at friendly



Associated Press

COLONEL VISSERING
In the streets, new life.

nods of recognition. Last week a U.S. offer of a mere \$8,000,000 worth of technical and economic aid was enough to send the Indonesian parliament into a dither of protests that might yet bring the government tumbling down, cradle and all.

Cry Imperialism. Last January U.S. Ambassador Merle Cochran sent the Mutual Security Pact offer across to Foreign Minister Ahmad Subarjo, duly received it back with a few marginal alterations by Indonesia. Now that the Mutual Security Agency has replaced the Economic Cooperation Administration, a few strings had been attached by the U.S. Congress: before getting those Yankee dollars, foreign governments had to acknowledge their adherence to "the free world." Subarjo disliked these conditions, but signed. A couple of days later two U.S. Army colonels went down to see Defense Minister Sewaka about another matter: a shipment of arms privately purchased in U.S. by the Indonesian government. The news spread through the gossip capital of Jakarta that the government had sold out to the Western bloc. "American imperialism!" shouted the politicians. A newspaper published a cartoon showing Subarjo on his knees, offering Indonesian independence to MSA, represented by Ambassador Cochran dressed as a bride with a rope in his hand.

The Indonesian government is a coalition of two parties, the Nationalists and the Moslems, each of which has four ministers in the cabinet. Last week, in the Indonesian parliament, leaders of both government parties demanded that the cabinet quit. The Communists looked on with rich enjoyment. After an attempt last August to seize the government by violence, some 10,000 of their party had been arrested. Now all but 189 are free, and most are back in key positions in the government. Once again they stand to profit by Indonesia's soft neutralism.

No Thanks. Foreign Minister Subarjo offered to resign, declaring that Indonesia is too young to understand the established traditions of diplomacy. As for himself, he said, "I was not born yesterday." That night he confidently gave a huge party for President and Madame Sukarno and 300 diplomatic guests, featuring a four-hour Javanese dance. His confidence was a little misplaced. This week Indonesia's ten-month-old cabinet seemed to be riding for a shake-up, if not a fall. Everybody agreed that \$8,000,000 from America would be nice, but no one was ready to curtsy a thank you, or call the U.S. friend in any way that could be interpreted as meaningful.

CHINA

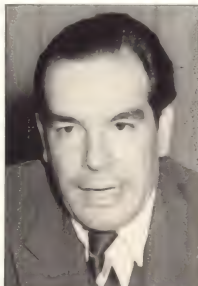
Yo Ho Ho!

As a cool moon shone through the clouds, a British steamer, the *Wing Sang*, slid comfortably through the calm waters of Formosa Strait. She was on her regular run from Hong Kong to Formosa. The ship's 78 passengers were dressing for dinner or sipping cocktails. A Chinese lad of

ten raced wide-eyed through the closing pages of *Treasure Island*.

The purser was just reaching for a brandy and soda when he heard a sound like firecrackers exploding. A 120-ft. ship, bristling with guns, had slipped out of the darkness and was raking the *Wing Sang* with bullets. "Pirates!" someone cried. Captain Ronald G. Stanton ordered full speed ahead, but when the pirate ship pumped shells into the *Wing Sang* from two Oerlikon guns, he saw that he could not get away.

More, Please. Instead of boarding their prize in *Treasure Island* style, the pirates ordered the *Wing Sang's* skipper aboard their ship. He was greeted by a raffish crew of about 70 young Chinese in faded khaki and peaked military caps, and with Colt revolvers, Mauser automatics and bandoleers. Their leader, a slim, handsome



HUSSEIN FATEMI

Mossadegh was next on the schedule.

man whose badge of office appeared to be a pair of brown leather gloves, made a short speech. Money, said he, Stanton was ordered to send his lifeboat back to the *Wing Sang*, to pick up \$10,000 in ransom, and a passenger or two as hostages.

The lifeboat came back with about \$1,100 (raised by passing the hat among the passengers), and with one of the *Wing Sang's* three American passengers: Edward Stansbury, deputy chief of the U.S. Information Service on Formosa. In the gleam of a flashlight, the pirates counted the money and grumbled that it was not enough. Back went the lifeboat for more, and returned with approximately \$3,100.

Their leader made another speech. "Gold," he demanded. "The only damned gold we have is my watch." Captain Stanton snapped, ripping it off his wrist and handing it over. The pirate chief ordered two of the crewmen who had accompanied Stanton to hand over their wristwatches too.

"Anything But Sinister." For three hours the pirates haggled with Stanton and Stansbury. "They all looked intelligent, anything but sinister," Stansbury reported later. "That was what made them so sinister." Finally the pirates allowed their hostages to return to the *Wing Sang*, and faded into the darkness.

Next day the *Wing Sang* arrived at Formosa, with a few shell holes in her hull, and two casualties—a Chinese crewman who had been wounded in the knee by a pirate bullet, and the ten-year-old reader of *Treasure Island*, who had become violently sick at his stomach from seeing the real thing. The *Wing Sang's* agents, Jardine, Matheson & Co., Ltd., promised to repay the passengers who had chipped in ransom money. British, U.S., and Chinese Nationalist ships kept a lookout for a handsome buccaneer, wearing brown leather gloves and a gold wristwatch, who made short speerches.

IRAN

Blame the British

"Incipient terrorism" is rife in Iran, a New York Timesman reported last November. He was expelled from the country for saying so. The man who kicked him out, a noisy nationalist named Hussein Fatemi, is Premier Mossadegh's right bower. Fatemi fancies himself a newsman (he edits Teheran's xenophobic *Bakhtar Emrooz*). He helped light the fires which roasted the British out of Abadan.

Last week, Fatemi went to a Moslem cemetery outside Teheran to address a nationalist gathering at the tomb of Mohammed Massoud, an Iranian newspaperman killed by terrorists in 1948. Fatemi had just reached the climax, declaring: "What is life worth, compared with such high objectives?" when a shaven-headed 15-year-old boy in the audience reached inside his coat and drew out a U.S.-made .45. With both hands, he fired a bullet into Fatemi's belly, only three yards away.

The assailant made no attempt to escape: he tossed the pistol away, crying "*Allah akbar!*" (Allah is great), and then started to faint. Police seized him. Pasted on the revolver was a message demanding freedom for Navab Safavi, imprisoned leader of Iran's most feared terror group—Fadayan Islam. The terrorists had picked young Mohammed Mehdi Mojtahedi to kill Fatemi because capital punishment does not apply to teen-age killers in Iran. The boy told cops that the next victim on Fadayan's schedule was Premier Mossadegh, because he flirted with foreigners.

Fatemi, crying, "Save me, I am burning!" was rushed to a hospital, where Mossadegh's elder son, Dr. Gholam Hussein Mossadegh, sewed up his shattered intestines. At week's end, he was reported "holding his own."

As remarkable as his continued survival was Fatemi's continued refusal to acknowledge any "incipient terrorism" among the Iranians. His first words on recovering consciousness: "The British have done it again. But again they have misfired."



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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Next President?

In Havana's cavernous Sports Palace, 600 shouting, sweat-soaked partisans last week acclaimed Carlos Hevia, 52, as the official Auténtico Party's presidential candidate in the June elections. Next week five lesser parties in the pro-government coalition are scheduled to add their endorsement of President Carlos Prío's hand-picked choice for his successor.

The Hevia nomination was President Prío's response to the 1950 by-election setback, when voters fed up with entrenched political gangsterism and corruption upset his control in the city of Havana. Carlos Hevia is that almost unique Cuban man of affairs—a man of such uni-

was ousted one afternoon, Hevia was sworn in as provisional President. He lasted one day. When an ambitious young ex-sergeant named Fulgencio Batista, from his stronghold at Fort Columbia, ordered the 21-gun presidential salute cut off at the count of nine, Hevia knew that his term was over. His explanation: "Without authority to enforce my responsibility, I resigned. I firmly believe responsibility and authority must go together."

For Law & Order. After fighting Batista from exile, Hevia agreed to be his wartime price-control chief, only to resign after a year because of "interference." When President Prío took over in 1948, Hevia became Minister of State and Minister of Agriculture, then president of the National Development Commission, charged

the newest plan: a chain of 24 government-run stores in all state capitals to "sell everything 15 to 25% cheaper." Said Cabello: "We'll knock prices down all right! We'll modernize the trade system of Brazil!" When would the first store open? "Within three months," said Cabello.

GUATEMALA

Left-Wing Alliance

From pinks to Reds, Guatemalan leftists have closed their ranks. First the left-wing Revolutionary Action Party (P.A.R.), the government's strongest political supporter, made an alliance with the Socialists. Then the two groups signed up two minor pro-government parties in a "Democratic Front." Avowed purpose of the front: "To defend the Guatemalan Revolution and unify the [government] forces in the struggle against anti-Communism." That, translated out of political doubletalk, meant that Guatemala's Communists are still influencing the government and wielding power far out of proportion to their actual numbers.

It also meant that although the rising tide of popular anti-Communist feeling in Guatemala has not yet produced an outstanding leader or a closely united organization, it has given the country's high-placed Reds and pro-Reds something to worry about. President Jacobo Arbenz' government considers the anti-Communist movement subversive, and has openly accepted the Reds as allies against it.

One predictable result of the leftist pact is that the "Democratic Front," having a clear majority in Congress, will be able to elect one of its own men president of Congress next month. That post has a special significance in Guatemala because its holder is also the President's legal successor. And the succession has an added importance in Guatemalan eyes these days: because, despite official denials, rumors keep cropping up that President Arbenz is in poor health and may soon have to retire or take a leave of absence.

COLOMBIA

Back to Bolívar

Although North Americans revere Simón Bolívar as South America's great Liberator, not many are aware how far to the right his political views veered in his last years. Last week those authoritarian views were again a hot political issue in Colombia.

Nearly 126 years ago, Bolívar tried to get Colombians to accept the new constitution he had written for the Republic of Bolivia. As a republican charter, it was a shocker; among other things, it called for a powerful President elected for life, drastic limitation of voting rights, and a three-chamber Congress, including a strong Chamber of Censors—also chosen for life. Colombians rejected the Liberator's plan, went along instead with the local-rights



PRESIDENT PRÍO, EX-PRESIDENT GRAU, CANDIDATE HEVIA
"If law and order is conservative, then I am for conservatism."

versally acknowledged character as to be virtually above personal attack.

Naval Expert. Though he has been in & out of office for years, Hevia is not a typical professional politician. His father, who served with Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood against Spain in 1898 and later became Cuba's Secretary of War and Interior, sent him to Annapolis. The Academy's first Cuban student, he graduated 126th among 467 in the class of 1920, and was more noted for his "silken line" with debutantes than for marlinespike seamanship.

His Annapolis degree established him as an engineer in Cuba; in that profession, together with sugar-planting, he has since made a comfortable livelihood. His naval training also qualified him to lead a filibustering expedition ashore at Gihara in eastern Cuba in 1931 in a vain effort to overthrow the Machado tyranny. Amnestied, he went into exile until Machado was finally toppled two years later.

Made Minister of Agriculture in Ramón Grau San Martín's shaky revolutionary government, he had one experience that he is never likely to forget. When Grau

with carrying out a \$50 million public-works program. He is an able administrator and organizer and a hard worker. He is a good friend of the U.S. Criticized as a conservative ("If law & order is conservative, then I am for conservatism"), Hevia's main worry before June is that some of his allies may betray him by causing fresh scandals and shootings.

BRAZIL

Everything Cheaper

President Getúlio Vargas and the Brazilian people find it simplest to blame their country's inflation on profiteering dealers (who have a noteworthy, but not a primary, role in forcing prices up). To prove that it is resolutely battling inflation, the government periodically announces dire anti-profiteering measures. In December, it said that people's courts, where high-markup shopkeepers could be tried by juries of irate housewives, would be set up; the courts have yet to start operation. Last week, after price riots in Belo Horizonte (TIME, Feb. 18), Price Boss Benjamin Soares Cabello announced



"Everybody who takes a spin in my 1913 Packard is amazed at how smooth and tight the engine is," says W. G. Barrett, of Farmington, Conn. "That's because I've always given it the best of care. Naturally, I've made a careful study of oils, and nothing but Gulfpride is ever used in this car's crankcase."

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**THE
MILWAUKEE
ROAD**

Route of the Hiawathas

doctrines of Bolívar's estranged lieutenant, Francisco de Paula Santander, father of Colombia's Liberal Party.

Last week, in the midst of a campaign to scrap the existing constitution, Colombia's ruling Conservatives proclaimed that the father of the country was on their side. "We Conservatives," said the Bogotá newspaper *Eco Nacional*, "take pride in the illustrious ascendancy of the Liberator, with whose authoritarian ideas we are in accord."

The newspaper *El Siglo*, mouthpiece of ailing President Laureano Gómez, praised Bolívar's idea of rule by an elite. In editorials supposedly written by Gómez himself, *El Siglo* echoed Bolívar's dictum that "elections are the scourge of all republics," and upheld the Liberator's aristocratic approach to politics. Said *El Siglo*: "If the law is abnormal or inconvenient, push it



SIMÓN BOLÍVAR

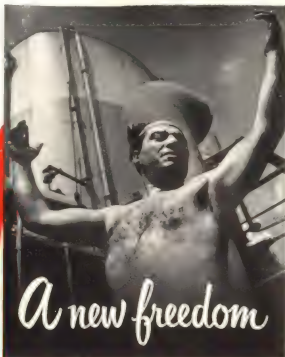
A shocker to republicans.

to one side . . . Retain elasticity . . . though procedure may not always be strictly legal. The letter kills; the spirit gives life."

Bogotá's Liberals were incensed; in their partisan zeal, they jumped on the Liberator himself. Wrote German Arciniegas, historian and essayist, in *El Tiempo*: "Bolívar never believed in democracy, and . . . his contempt for the law and confidence in dictatorship overflowed . . . His formula was dictatorship backed by the army and the archbishops."

At week's end the debate cracked on as far as Colombia's two-year-old state-of-siege conditions permitted. Though the President had lined up the Liberator for his favorite constitutional ideas, many of his own Conservatives seemed loth to turn the clock back. Even in 1826, one warned, Colombians wanted no part of the Bolivarian constitution. Nevertheless, the President pressed for action. Senator Alvaro Gómez, his son, demanded "complete constitutional reform."

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PEOPLE



GEORGES CARPENTIER & EVA PERÓN
The lady was peaked.

United Press

Chapter & Verse

For national Brotherhood Week, *Collier's* asked some leading citizens to quote their favorite Bible passages. **Harry S. Truman:** "Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad . . ." (*I Kings 3:9*). **Senator Robert A. Taft:** "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit . . . Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them" (*Matthew 7:18-20*). **U.S. Steel's President Benjamin A. Fairless:** "Where there is no vision, the people perish; but he that keepeth the law, happy is he" (*Proverbs 29:18*). **General Dwight Eisenhower:** "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace" (*Luke 11:21*).

In a letter to the London *Sunday Times*, Author **Charles (The Fountain) Morgan** deplored the flood of postwar novels that are "grossly brutal in subject and in language." Such writing, said he, is not only puerile, but out of date. "Those who today are trying to out-Zola Zola or to undertake the scatological education of Lady Chatterley are, in effect, crawling on their grandparents' lavatory walls."

In Chicago with the road company of T.S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, old **Cinemaster Reginald Denny** told members of the drama league: "I'm having a very good time on this trip, probably because I understand the play the least."

Arriving in Manhattan for a tour of universities, Welsh Poet **Dylan** (rhymes with penicillin) **Thomas** found time for some shop talk with the New York Times. Who was his favorite poet of the century? "Thomas Hardy," said Thomas. His favorite word? "I like to put down the word blood. It's a curious kind of word; it means insanity, among other meanings."

It's part of the tilt of my mind that I put it down often." His feeling about poetry in general? "I like to think of it as statements made on the way to the grave."

The Academy of American Poets announced that its 1952 fellowship, worth \$5,000 (the biggest poetry prize in the U.S.) has been awarded to Irish-born **Padaic Colum**, 71, now a lecturer at Columbia University.

The Air Is Filled With Music

In Fall River, Mass., 19-year-old **Shirley May France**, who tried without success to swim from France to England two years ago, was having better luck on another channel: as a teen-age disk jockey on radio station WSAR.

Suffering from a touch of sciatica, terrible-tempered **Sir Thomas Beecham** arrived in California to conduct the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, waggled his sharp tongue again at another music form: "There is no future in opera . . . Most operas are in the hands of grocers, so how can you expect good music? If I want to see pretty pictures, I go to the movies. If I want to hear orchestral music, I go to a symphony concert."

Actress **Diana Barrymore** decided she had had just about enough of Australia. First she was fired from a Sydney nightclub singing job. In Melbourne, she walked out of the lead part in Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels*. Last week the manager of Brisbane's Theater Royal canceled her contract after "she used language which offended the audience, forgot her lines and sang an unscheduled song." Said Diana, "All I want to do is sleep, and then I want to go home." Then she changed her mind, signed for a six weeks' vaudeville tour of Tasmania and South Australia doing impersonations, including one of Aunt Ethel Barrymore.

On the Go

In Troy, N.Y., **Grandma Moses**, painter of primitive landscapes, registered as a self-employed person, at 91 received her Social Security number.

In Washington, **Bess Truman**, who was 67 last week, gave glamour reporters an up-to-date fashion item when she appeared with a new lavender-blue, almost-poodle hairdo.

When **Georges Carpentier**, 58, onetime (1920-23) world light-heavyweight champion, arrived for a visit in Buenos Aires, he made it a point to call on **Eva Perón**. The little chat in the presidential mansion gave photographers a rare chance to record the wan and peaked appearance of the First Lady, who is still recovering from an operation performed last November.

Back from his on & off-the-court battles in Australia, **Dick Savitt**, 24, announced that after next summer's national championships he would probably give up bigtime tennis and "go to work. I'll just play on weekends and in my spare time."

Konrad Adenauer Jr., 42, son of the West German Chancellor and an executive of a Rhine utilities works, arrived in Washington as a guest of the State Department's Exchange of Persons program. On a \$10-a-day allowance from the Department, he will tour U.S. public and private utilities. Items on his sightseeing list: the Tennessee Valley Authority, Hoover Dam.

In Manhattan, TV Actress **Maria Riva**, 27-year-old twice-married daughter of Cinemactress **Marlene Dietrich**, offered some leap-year advice to would-be brides: "Be natural and frank. Be honest with him and with yourself. I would hate to get a man with coy tricks, because then I would have to go on using the same tricks to keep him."



United Press

MARIA RIVA
A girl should be natural.

PERSONALITY

FORT WORTH, Texas, known both affectionately and derisively as "Cowtown," has a civic monument which, unlike San Antonio's Alamo, Houston's Shamrock and Dallas' Cotton Bowl, can walk & talk at incredible speed. That this monument is made of perishable material causes Fort Worth no immediate concern: Amon Giles Carter, tall, straight-backed and hefty, in his 73rd year shows no signs of erosion. He walks as fast as ever and talks even faster.

At times the talking gets out of hand. At a recent luncheon in Dallas, a city 30 miles east of Fort Worth and the object of Carter's deepest scorn, Carter was asked to introduce the speaker. Carter arose and spoke—at length. By the time he got to the introduction, the speaker excused himself. His prepared address was long, and it was time for the club to adjourn.

The incident might have embarrassed a lesser man. It merely reminded Carter of another occasion: "Once I was asked to introduce William Jennings Bryan. I spoke for quite a long time, leaving Mr. Bryan, who followed me, possibly three minutes. When it was over, I heard a fellow say: 'Bryan was fine, but who was that bald-headed old fellow that followed him?'"

Carter is lavish with words because he is lavish with everything. For nearly half a century, he has been building a glittering legend of showmanship, generosity, boisterousness and bullionery. The legend lives and grows in a typhoon of frantic activity that sweeps everything before it—including Carter himself. This pays off for both Carter and Fort Worth. But his old friends wonder a deeper reason. Whether he is giving away hats, tracts of land, scholarships, or popcorn & peanuts at his 900-acre Shady Oak Farm, his friends see a poor boy acting out his dreams.

HIS FATHER was a Texas blacksmith, his stepmother unsympathetic. At twelve, Carter left home to make his way in the world. He walked ten miles to the farming town of Bowie, and asked for work at Mrs. Jarrott's boarding house. "Why, honey," said the landlady, "you're so small; what can you do?"

"I can do anything, ma'am," said Carter, and he did. He swept rooms, washed dishes and waited on table. When the trains came through, he sold fried chicken to the passengers. ("We fried the chickens in a thick batter, and you couldn't tell the drumstick from the gizzard.") He cleaned harness, curried the town doctor's horse and frequently slept on the livery-stable stairs. ("That was the only time I ever envied anyone. I envied people that slept in beds.")

At 18, he became a traveling salesman through the little towns of Texas, Kansas and Indian Territory, selling photographic portraits and frames to fit them. He soon bossed a sales crew of his own, and bought, at the age of 20, a flashy diamond ring ("I wish I was half as smart now as I thought I was then"). He drank champagne in San Francisco, broke up a light opera performance in Butte, Mont., wore boots and spurs in hotel dining rooms, and fired his six-shooter on New Year's Eve.

In 1905, he arrived at Fort Worth, a bustling metropolis of 30,000, prosperous with new meat-packing plants and railroad connections, and began his long, happy love affair with the city. He opened a small office, rented a typewriter for 50¢ a month to give the place an air, flashed his diamond, and was ready for business as the Texas Advertising and Manufacturing Co. One day he met two men who wanted to start a newspaper. For \$30 a week they signed him on as advertising manager. Seventeen years and several crises, mergers and consolidations later,

Carter emerged with control of the *Star-Telegram*, now one of the most powerful papers of the Southwest.

Carter is a smart, aggressive publisher, and knows better than to harbor any literary pretensions (by the widest estimate he has read no more than a dozen books in the last half century). He sees the promotion of Fort Worth as one of his major publishing duties, on the theory that whatever makes the city grow will, in time, make the *Star-Telegram* grow. It works. Friends estimate that at least one person out of four, in Fort Worth's current metropolitan population of 303,701, is there because of an industry, office or military installation which was coaxed to Fort Worth by Amon Carter. A majority of them read the *Star-Telegram*.

Carter's public and pecuniary motives coincided happily in various other ways. Because Fort Worth was rapidly becoming an oil center as well as a cattle town, Carter became interested in oil. He drilled 99 dry holes and was known as the "dry-hole king" before he ever reached production—a record that would baffle a professional oilman. Yet when he got production, as they say in Texas, he got it good, and sold out one chunk of his holdings for \$16.5 million. When Fort Worth's largest hotel was in danger of being bought by a Dallas man, Carter fended off the dreadful civic disgrace by taking it over himself. Largely because of his determination to make Fort Worth an aviation center, he became the biggest stockholder in American Airlines.



AMON CARTER

HIS office is wildly cluttered with impromptu collections of statuary, silver-plated ground-breaking spades, football jerseys, guns, loving cups, lariats, old shoes, autographed pictures, boxing gloves, back-newspaper files, geological maps, menus of noteworthy Carter banquets and excursions, baseballs and teetering stacks of old correspondence. Like the late W. C. Fields in his bookkeeping role, he can plunge into the dustiest, most disheveled pile of papers and fetch out the document he wants.

Limited as his education has been, he can get the gist of a complicated legal document or accountant's report at a glance, and plunge into galvanic activity while other men would still be pondering. Conventional prudence often looks to him like giggling. When his lawyer advised him that a proposed step was not quite legal, Carter roared: "The trouble with you is you're such a goddam technical lawyer." On giving orders for a blistering editorial, he is likely to caution: "Don't put too goddam much Christianity in it. Libel? You trying to tell me what I can put in my own paper?"

CARTER complains continually of the load of work and responsibility he carries. At times he admits: "I'm tired. I don't know why I do all this." But in the next breath, he will order lunch for 300, plan a benefit show, browbeat a railroad president to get switching facilities for a Fort Worth factory, telephone New York, bully a tightfisted friend into giving \$5,000 to a Carter charity, oversee the decorative detail for the men's lavatories in the new \$12 million Amon Carter airport, plot another skirmish with that old devil Dallas, or order gift packages of aged whisky, western hats, smoked turkeys, jero-boams of champagne, jeweled western belts and Countess Mara neckties to be distributed to a wide assortment of friends, celebrities and casual acquaintances.

He no longer dons a cowboy suit for the annual fat stock show (Amon Carter, president), and seldom wears his checked gambler's suit with electrically illuminated necktie for soirees at Shady Oak Farm. Nevertheless, when he goes abroad, he wears his western hat and cream-colored polo coat, and people say, if they don't know him by sight, "There goes a sport," or, if they are Texans, "a nach'ral man."



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Discrimination?

When they first marched into their county school superintendent's office, one day in 1950, the three Negro parents seemed to have a valid complaint. The only high school in Clinton, Tenn. (pop. 3,700) was restricted to whites, and the Negro children had to ride 20 miles to school in nearby Knoxville (pop. 124,000). The Negroes thought their children should be allowed to stay in their own home town. Would the superintendent lift the bars at Clinton High?

The superintendent said no, and the parents decided to go to court. But by last week, the case had become more than a simple anti-segregation suit.

The Negroes argued that the daily bus ride was inconvenient, took too long (40 minutes), and was made in a dirty bus. Attorneys for the defense had a ready answer. The big fact in the case, said they, is that Clinton's white school is just not half as good as Knoxville's Austin High School for Negroes.

Clinton has no cafeteria; Knoxville has. Clinton gives no courses in cooking or auto mechanics, but Knoxville does. Clinton High had squeaky halls, a hopelessly inadequate gym. Its one story, built for 175 pupils, houses 599. Knoxville has three stories for its 640. All in all, said County Superintendent Frank Irwin, the county is paying only \$1.20 to educate each white child, \$3.25 for every Negro.

Is this discrimination? At week's end, Federal Judge Robert L. Taylor said he would think the matter over.

The Ignorant Reader

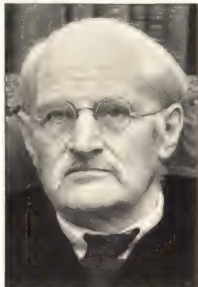
Britain's G. M. Trevelyan, famed historian son of a famed historian father, thinks the modern reader is getting less & less able to understand good writing. Last week, in a pamphlet published by the Oxford University Press, he told his countrymen why: "Literature, more than painting and music, is a matter of references, of play made with bits of knowledge common to author and reader." The trouble is, says Trevelyan, that this common knowledge is getting scantier & scantier.

For one thing, "many readers today are unfamiliar with that part of history which consists of the names and legends of classical mythology, so largely employed in the poems of Milton, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. This ignorance does not at all impede the appreciation of music or of painting. But a reader who has no conception of ancient Hellas and its mythology and no loving imagination of pastoral life must lose some at the most of the enchantment of Keats's *Ode to Maia*:

*Mother of Hermes! and still youthful
Maia!*

*May I sing to thee
As thou wast hymned on the shores of
Baiae? . . ."*

Indeed, says Trevelyan, the modern



Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE

HISTORIAN TREVELYAN

Grandfather would have understood.

reader is weak where "his grandfathers were strong—the Bible stories and the classical stories . . . Milton's words—'That twice-battered god of Palestine'—would have been understood at once by the majority of people who read books in the reign of Victoria. I fear it would be obscure to many readers of today."

The Bible and mythology are not the only things readers are ignorant about; they also know too little history and thus lose much of the meaning of what they might read. "Take," says Trevelyan, "two of the wittiest lines Pope ever wrote:

*'Odious! In woollen! T'would a saint
provoke!'*

*Were the last words that poor Narcissa
spoke.*

The key to their meaning lies in the fact that, to encourage the cloth trade, Parliament had passed an Act that all corpses were to be wrapped in British woollen . . .

"To me," concludes Trevelyan, "history and literature have formed one study, one delight, woven together by a thousand crossing strands and threads . . . Our grandfathers were brought up on the classics and the Bible. Both were history and literature closely intertwined, and therefore formed a marvelous education, a much finer education than any which is at all usual today."

Teaching Poets

"*Poeta nascitur, non fit*,"* say the poets who consider themselves natural. But can one poet teach another how to write? In the current issue of *Poetry*, two successful teachers say: yes—sometimes.

The class in poetry writing, says Theodore Roethke of the University of Wash-

* "A poet is born, not made"—Latin proverb.

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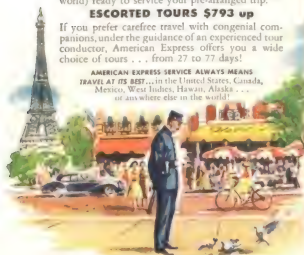
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ington, must be a "departure . . . from the ordinary run of things in a college—for almost all thinking has been directed toward analysis, a breaking-down, whereas the metaphor is a synthesis, a building up, a creation of a new world . . ."

"Some [pupils] have difficulty verbalizing about the esthetic experience. But often their gropings make for the fresh insight . . . The war on the cliché is continuous, but poetry is not written by mere avoidance of the cliché. Little theorizing about rhythm, but a constant reading aloud to hear rhythms, to get a notion of how language flows. Essentially, this is teaching by ear, by suggestion, by insinuation . . ."

"But most knowledge of technique," says Roethke, "is acquired obliquely. One suggestion, one lead, after class or in the hall . . . is worth far more than any number of pipe-sucking, pencil-poking . . . sessions in the office." The fact is, "most teaching is visceral . . . as ephemeral as the dance . . . It is what is left after all the reading and thinking and reciting: the residue, the illumination."

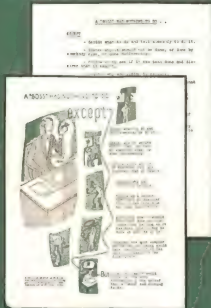
Poet Paul Engle of the University of Iowa agrees: "You can't treat the writing of poetry as if it were a course, say, in history, where the student can gather facts and attitudes and offer a paper which is essentially 'true.' . . . A poem is not a study of a problem, but a strange melting together of sound in the ear, of conception in the mind, of impulse in the nervous system, of old actions mired in the memory. The most the teacher can do is to probe the body of the poem for lesions that corrupt the working of phrase, image, rhythm, tone, theme—to verify, with his limited power, whether the poem is 'true' to itself."

By this process—"to find the good in a poem . . . and to urge the young poet to thrust his verse in that direction"—a teacher sharpens a talent already there.

Report Card

¶ The Rockefellers were in a magnificent mood last week. From John D. 3rd (Princeton '29) went \$250,000 to Princeton University for a special fellowship program to enable selected government officials to travel or study at any college or university anywhere in the world. From John D. Jr. (Brown '97) went \$100,000 to the Brown University Library in memory of Providence Lawyer Arthur M. Allen—Mr. Rockefeller's classmate and Mrs. Rockefeller's first husband.

¶ After a four-month study, eight eminent Yale alumni cleared their university of charges that it is fostering Communism or atheism in its classrooms. Not a single member of the faculty "is trying to undermine or destroy our society . . ." Furthermore, "the charge that Yale is encouraging irreligion or atheism is without foundation." The alumni added: "The business of a university is to educate, not to indoctrinate . . . In the ideal university, all sides of any issue are presented . . . all sides, not just those that may be currently popular with the trustees and the alumni . . . This is Yale's policy."



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*Reader's Digest,
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MEDICINE

The Common Cold

Dr. Thomas G. Ward is a persistent man. Virology expert at Johns Hopkins University, he has spent the better part of the past three years looking for a cure for the common cold. In Chicago last week, at a conference of the Common Cold Foundation, he was obliged to report that he is still on the old, cold trail. "Personally," he said, "my favorite treatment is old Maryland rock-and-rye."*

Saturday Night

"Take me, God Almighty, please take me. I don't want to live no more. Why should I live to be tortured?"

On an examination table in Chicago's huge Cook County Hospital, a 70-year-old woman lay limply, pleading for death between long, painful gasps. Her fingernails were blue. She was critically ill of congestive heart failure. The woman's brother, a wizened little Irishman with a patch over one eye, stood beside the table explaining why he had let her go so long without medical attention. "I thought it would pass, and I didn't want to leave her," he said. "I wanted to keep her at home as long as possible." The cop who had driven them to the hospital in the middle of the night grunted "People got no regard."

Dr. Ed Brucker, 27, intern in "Female Admitting," shook his head and patted the brother on the shoulder. The woman was wheeled away, for oxygen and digitalis, and more detailed examination. The next

case, a woman with an injured leg, arrived in a wheelchair.

It was the "hell night" that comes every week to Cook County Hospital—it starts a few hours before Saturday midnight and ends shortly after Sunday's dawn.

Good Neighbor. A young man in mechanic's cap and windbreaker half-carried a little old man down the long green corridor to "Male Examining." "Are you this man's son?" asked Dr. Lawrence Knopp, the intern.

The young fellow shook his head. "No, sir," he said. "My wife and I live next door. The old man and his wife live alone. The last couple of weeks the old man's been keeling over. We've been worrying about him. When it happened tonight, my wife thought I ought to bring him here."

The old man, obviously in pain, could not understand the intern's questions. Dr. Knopp asked for the admitting slip. He frowned over the man's name for a moment, then asked carefully: "*Du redst Yiddish?* [Do you speak Yiddish?]"

"Yah," whispered the old man eagerly.

"*Ius is der mehr, Papa?*"

"*Ich bin krank,*" was the shy answer.

"*Du kensht mir fixen?* [I'm sick. You can fix me up?]"

Dr. Knopp said he would do his best. From the old man's wife, waiting in the corridor, he learned that his patient was a diabetic, on insulin for ten years. While he went on with his examination, Dr. Knopp sent the woman off with her young neighbor to be interviewed by a social service worker.

"**What Made Him Do It?**" Outside, a siren wailed and faded. Two cops brought in a 15-year-old Negro on a stretcher. "A kid with the big ideas shot out of him," volunteered one of the cops. "Tried to hold up a grocery, so the groceryman goes for

* A longtime Baltimore favorite. A Johns Hopkins tradition attributes the following informal prescription to the great Dr. William Osler: 1) have a hat on the bedpost, 2) go to bed and drink rock-and-rye until there are two hats on the bedpost.



Arthur Lieberman

INTERN KNOPP & PATIENT IN COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL
"Possible 100% HY."

his .38 and lets the kid have it." Almost as an afterthought he added, "The gun the kid had was empty to begin with."

The boy had been given morphine, but he was still sobbing when an intern bent over him. A neat little hole showed where the slug had entered the lower left side of his chest. "Probably hit a lung," the doctor said. An attendant was getting ready to take the boy to surgery when his mother and father, a packing-house worker, arrived.

The mother touched the boy's cheek. "What made him do it? What made him do it?" she said in a low voice. The parents and the police followed the boy upstairs. In the surgery, a woman intern began a transfusion of blood and saline solution, slipped a tube through the boy's nose and into his stomach to sample its contents for telltale signs of blood.

"What did you have for supper?" she asked the boy. He whispered, "Cheese and crackers, and a soda pop."

"He ran away from home last Saturday," his mother was saying in the hall outside. "Bad friends, that's what did it. I know it. He's never been in any trouble." Her husband looked at her, then looked away.

"Catatonic Schiz?" In Female Admitting, a handsome Negro girl was brought in on a stretcher. Her eyes were wide open, but she lay motionless. "She went out cold like this all of a sudden, while we were sitting in a nightclub," said her husband. "For no reason, just all of a sudden."

Dr. Knopp flipped the girl's nails and pricked her arm with a needle. No response. Spirits of ammonia held under her nose produced a violent head shaking which stopped as soon as the irritant was removed. The intern spoke into her ear, calling her by her first name. "Ann," he said. "can you hear me? What hurts you, Ann? Can you tell me?" The girl seemed to be making an effort to speak; she got out the word "stomach," and clutched her abdomen.

Her husband said she was three months' pregnant, that she had gone into similar "trances" three times since last August. "I always could bring her out of it with ice-packs on the back of her neck," he said. No, he said, he hadn't noticed any peculiar changes in her manner. Yes, their marriage was going well as far as he knew.

"I think it's the fella she used to go with before we were married," he said. "He reminds her of a rattlesnake. She's scared to death of him."

"I work from 4 to midnight, and sometimes he comes around and makes her go out with him. I think she has one of these attacks after every time he's been around bothering her."

The intern marked the girl's chart "Possible 100% HY" (hysteria), noted "no abnormal reflexes, no response to painful stimuli," summoned an attendant to carry her to a sixth-floor ward.

Upstairs, Resident Dr. Paul Crowley began working up her case in earnest. "Looks like catatonic schiz to me," he said. "But until she comes to and we have a psychiatrist in—who knows? It could be a

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guilt-complex hysteria." He fed the girl emetic soap water, which she promptly vomited up. The second time, she came to, pleading, "Not again. Please, not again." Dr. Crowley entered her name on the roster of patients to be seen by a psychiatrist on Monday.

"Freedom & Democracy." Hell night's parade went on. A Puerto Rican seaman brought from jail with possible appendicitis, an ex-coal miner with chronic pulmonary fibrosis, a young boy superficially but painfully hurt in an auto crash. Sixteen babies were born, one by Caesarian.

It was nearly dawn when two men stumbled into the emergency room, followed by a quartet of policemen and detectives. Both men were bruised and dirty; one was bleeding from an ugly gash on the back of his head, the other from a wound in his temple. Both were drunk, and they were carrying on a loud harangue in Serbian. They had been found beaten and half-conscious on a dark street on Chicago's West Side.

No one was making much progress in communicating with the Serbs, although one of them could speak a little English. "I am D.P.," the man said, waving an identification card. "Here one years. My friend, he also good D.P."

Off to one side, a detective gave instructions. "The thing to get clear," he told one of the cops, "is—did they get beat up in our district?" The red-faced cop turned back to the D.P.s. "Where were you prior to this incident?" he asked. The D.P.s looked at him blankly. "Just tell us where you were when you got assaulted," said the exasperated cop.

A nurse and doctor were busy giving the pair first aid. "I wake up, I find blood on me and my friend," said the English-speaking Serb.

"Make it they were choking each other and let it go at that," said a detective.

The red-faced cop tried again. He discovered that the men lived in Gary, Ind., and thought they were still in Gary. The doctor announced that they were not seriously hurt, so the police decided to let them sleep in jail for a few hours, then stake them to carfare home. The English-speaking Serb shook off the guiding arm of a cop. "I go myself, gladly," he said. "Here is freedom and democracy."

Upstairs, the old diabetic seemed to be resting quietly (though, next day, he was to take a turn for the worse and die in the night). The 70-year-old heart patient who wanted God to take her in the hands of a girl intern, who found she was also suffering from cancer of the breast. "I've got her on oxygen, digitalis and aminophylline," the intern said. "Later, I'll get X-ray consultation on the cancer. But I scarcely know what's keeping her alive."

The youngster who had been shot in the holdup had come out of surgery. "The kid was lucky," the surgeon said. "An inch or two either way, and the bullet would have severed the aorta or portal vein or the hepatic artery. As it is, he'll live."

At 7 a.m., another "hell night" was over. The interns went across the street to "The Greek's" for a cup of coffee.

TIME, FEBRUARY 25, 1952

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Andy at Oslo

Andrea Mead Lawrence, who usually skis for fun, was not feeling particularly happy one morning last week. Up early, she found she didn't want any breakfast. Instead, she hiked to the ski slope and made a short run, halfway down the hill, to loosen her tense muscles. Then she caught the tow for a pull to the top of Norway's Olympic giant slalom course.

At the top, she took off her skis and began a laborious trek, often hip-deep in snow,* down the 1,000-meter course. At each of the 59 "gates," the flag-decked poles marking the obligatory turning points, Andy paused and made mental calculations. She carefully gauged each hill-ock and bump, guessed at her racing speed,



International

ANDREA & DAVE LAWRENCE
Breakfast was postponed until 5.

and mentally mapped a line of descent to follow. At the bottom she rested, then trudged back up the course, stopping again at each gate to review and correct her calculations. She was adding her own figuring to the slalom racer's standard formula—"run it high and inside."

By race time, Andy's brain was storming. "I didn't see how I could be in the right mood." But as soon as she was off, her nerves and muscles took over. Given the favorite No. 4 starting position, she swooped down the tricky course with the easy grace of a prima ballerina. As usual, she looked as if she were loafing, even as she made a final flick with her ski pole to break the electric-eye photo timer at the finish. But the knowing crowd, recognizing speed when they saw it, cheered her

effortless descent, cheered again as she fell into the waiting arms of her husband, U.S. Skier Dave Lawrence. When Andy's time was announced (2:06.8), even Andy was surprised. "Gee, that's good. I didn't think I was going that fast."

It was far & away the fastest run of the day. Austria's glamorous Dagmar Rom placed second, with 2:09. Andy, U.S. women's team captain at 19, had won the first gold medal of the 1952 Olympics, the second ever won by a U.S. skier. Not until 5 that afternoon was she able to get any food down—a sandwich. But now she could remember that skiing was fun. Said she: "Well, one down, now two to go."

In the women's downhill race, over an icy and treacherous course, not even the winner, Austria's Trude Beiser Jochum, had much fun. The U.S. team skidded and slithered into a disastrous series of pell-mell spills. Andy, after one half fall and a daredevil jump ending in a ski-tangled pile-up, led the U.S. squad but finished a sorry 17th out of 43. Her sense of humor still intact, she said with a grin: "I guess we're the crash and burn team . . . I made a great jump—right off the course." This week Andy had only one to go, her favorite: the special slalom.

With a good number of the returns in (see below), and with World Figure Skating Champion Dick Button still to compete, the U.S. was well on its way this week to its best showing ever in the Winter Olympics. If there was a sour note, a group of Russian "observers" helped sound it. Though they have indicated that they will compete at Helsinki this summer, the Russians sent no winter competitors. Last week, after watching the early results, they contented themselves with assuring everybody that Russian competitors are better at almost everything.

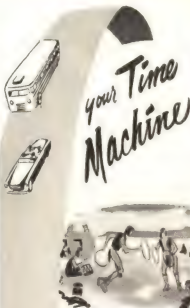
Other Olympic results last week:

The U.S.'s **Ken Henry**, 23, and **Don McDermott**, 22, scored an upsetting one-two sweep of the 500-meter speed skating race. The U.S.'s two-man bobsled team of **Stan Benham** and **Pat Martin** won an Olympic silver (second place) medal behind the German world champions, and the U.S. four-man team is conceded a good chance in this week's event.

Two Dartmouth skiers, **Bill Beck** and **Brooks Dodge**, outdid every past performance of U.S. men ski racers in the Winter Olympics. In the downhill race, won by Italy's World Champion Zeno Colo, Beck was fifth, 2.5 seconds behind the winner. Dodge tied for sixth in the men's giant slalom, which was won, for the first time in Olympic history, by a non-Alpine skier, Norway's Stein Erikson.

Best Dog

The judge had a ticklish task. Which one of the six dogs would he choose? English setter, wire-haired dachshund, Welsh terrier, Brussels griffon, standard poodle or Doberman pinscher? Each dog had been trained to the tail tip, each had sur-



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* Southern Norway had an odd shortage of snow last week. Some 300 soldiers worked day & night hauling it from nearby eulies to pack over bare spots on the racing courses.



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... to get
it Straight

vived a two-day ordeal of poking and prodding by judges. Each was the best of its breed and the best of its group. Now, from all the 2,451 dogs originally entered last week in the 76th annual Westminster Kennel Club Show at Madison Square Garden, the judge had to choose one as the best of all.

As Judge Joseph Sims paced to & fro, his eye kept turning to the Doberman, Champion Rancho Dobe's Storm. Earlier, in the tense semifinal of the group judging, Storm had beaten the defending champion boxer, Bang Away of Sirrah Crest. Standing still as a statue, the Doberman moved only his head. He was keeping an eye on the judge. After only 15 minutes, one of the shortest final deliberations in Westminster records, Judge Sims gave the Doberman the nod. Storm promptly jumped up & down and pawed and licked his handler—just as if he knew he had won. Owner Len Carey bought him as a puppy, sight unseen, and has kept him in show trim by exercising him in Manhattan's Central Park. Carey, an advertising executive, was not surprised at his dog's triumph: "He's strictly a ham. He knows what a flashbulb is."

Honkball from Holland

In The Netherlands, sport fans know Johannes Hendrikus Urbanus as well as Americans know Urbanus' hero. Bob Feller. Like Feller, 24-year-old Urbanus is a pitcher. He plays on Amsterdam's *Op Volharding Volgt Overwinning* (Perseverance Leads to Victory) team. The O.V.V.O. nine, behind Urbanus' consistent pitching, has won three straight Dutch championships. Last week "Hannie" was the envy of some 5,000 Dutch *Honkbal* players. At the invitation of the *Knickerbocker*, a Dutch-American magazine, Hannie flew to the U.S. to spend a month of spring training with the New York Giants, National League champions.

Baseball was made popular in The Netherlands by U.S. soldiers after World War I, and has been getting more popular ever since. The *Honkbal* Federation now has 165 senior teams, made up of players over 16. Crowds of more than 3,000 at a game are nothing unusual. Though the Dutch are careful to follow all the American rules, the game is strictly amateur and considerably more gentlemanly than the sometimes rowdy U.S. variety. The Dutch have no equivalent for the Bronx cheer; no one ever boos; no one would dream of suggesting that the umpire be killed. No player ever tries to steal signals, for the simple reason that few players are skillful enough to bunt strategically or to drop a hit behind the runner.

Hannie was aghast at the idea of a beanball or "duster" (a pitch aimed at the batter's head to scare him away from the plate). Right-hander Hannie never has to resort to such strategy, because ordinarily he simply strikes out half the opposing batters. He has no change-of-pace pitch or slow ball, only a curve ("which I invented myself") and a fast ball ("which I hope some day to be as good as Feller"). Because *Honkbal* is played on soc-



Israel Shoenet

PITCHER URBANUS
No one steals his signals.

cer fields, Hannie has never had the advantage of pitching from the raised (15 in.) mound, but since equipment is scarce in The Netherlands, he has usually had the advantage of pitching with a grimy, hard-to-see ball.

Hannie is modest about his chances of making the grade in U.S. baseball: (15 in.) mound, but since equipment is scarce in The Netherlands, he has usually had the advantage of pitching with a grimy, hard-to-see ball. Hannie does not strike out. Charles is O.V.V.O.'s relief pitcher, but the title is strictly honorary. In 150 games over eight years, Hannie has never yet been relieved.

Who Won

¶ Don Gehrmann, the national indoor A.A.U. 1,000-yard title; in Manhattan. Going all out right from the starter's gun, he beat the field by 30 yards in the world indoor record time of 2:08.2. Old record, set by John Borican in 1939: 2:08.8.

¶ Phil D., the \$29,800 San Antonio Handicap; at Arcadia, Calif. In a photo finish, Phil D. nosed out Intent, Santa Anita Maturity winner, in the traditional warmup for next week's \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap.

¶ Heavyweight Rocky Marciano, 27, a seventh-round technical knockout over aging (35) Lee Savold; in Philadelphia. Marciano, a leading contender for the world title, was so inept—once, missing with a wild right, he threw himself flat on his face—that Champion Joe Walcott, who had been dicker with Marciano, promptly agreed to a return fight in June with ex-Champion Ezzard Charles.



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SNOWBOUND NO MORE

One steel-grey afternoon you would see the great dark snowhead clouds massing along the horizon like a vast fleet of battleships. There was a kind of thrill in the air because you knew what was coming and nobody could stop it.

The first soft snowflakes floated down like big feathers, melting as they touched. The sky thickened until everything was blotted out.

Mother would light the gas jets on the walls, turning up the flames to a bright and steady yellow, and make you cocoa; and in from the dark swirling world outside would come Father, stamping in a flurry of snow. Next morning you woke in a new white-sugar world.

For back at the turn of the century, the word "snowbound" was a real fact of life for nearly everyone, meaning isolation, immobility, and weeks of lonely days and nights.

The first big snow changed your very life in those days. You had to prepare for winter; at school you learned all about the improvident grasshopper and the industrious ant. Your Mother filled the autumn afternoons with the smell of pickles, and you watched her skim the pink sugary crust off the boiling grape jelly. Father rolled the little Model T into the barn and put it up on blocks for the winter, with an old horse-blanket hung over the brass radiator.

It was that little Ford that broke the iron grip of winter on the world. Ford brought on the Motor Age, and the Motor Age triumphed over snow and time and distance.

Wintertime still brings its great storms, heaping the highways with drifts. But now the American Road is so all-important that the best-managed communities start clearing the roads at the very first flake. The automobile is so essential to modern American life that nothing, not even nature at its worst, can be permitted to interfere with the open highway. Vital goods and services—such as food, mail and medicinal supplies—must go through.

Progress in this century is woven into the history of the American Road, the way of life wrought by the car. Today the automobile is a prime tool of society; the physical outline of that society is a map of the American Road.

Ford Motor Company alone has put more than 35,000,000 cars on that Road. We believe that the Road truly symbolizes the endless drive of Americans toward a better life for mankind everywhere.

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FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS

SNOWBOUND by the Blizzard of 1898, thousands were marooned. All traffic stopped. But right after the Great Snow of December 26, 1917, essential traffic was kept moving.



MODERN SNOWPLOWS, hurling tall plumes of snow by the tonload every minute, now keep most all roads open the year around.

SNOWFLAKES mean pleasure to millions of Americans now; nearly every hill in the Northern U. S. seems to have a ski-lift, an inn, and a Scandinavian instructor.

Sun Valley, Idaho



Duck Feathers

In the thunderous climax of Tchaikovsky's *Festival Overture, 1812*, cannon (or cannon sound effects) have been booming forth for 70 years. In Rochester last week, the gunfire brought down some trophies. As the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra reached the firing point, and cannon roared offstage, the audience in Eastman Theater was astonished to see a cloud of duck feathers float down from the ceiling. The orchestra people hastened to explain that it was no part of the program. Their best guess: "Pranksters who knew music and the catwalks."

Band Businessman

Les Brown's "Band of Renown" is one of the busiest and best in the land. Les Brown, a graduate of Duke University ('36), thinks he knows why. "We prefer sound to noise," Brown writes in *Metro-nome*. "We prefer the beat over 'effects,' we prefer consonance to dissonance, and we like the melody if it's good."

This formula has made Les & Co. a stand-by on Bob Hope shows since 1946. It has also won the approval of the jazz fans: in *Doven Beat's* latest band popularity poll, Brown's outfit ran second only to "Progressive" Jazzman Stan Kenton's. Last week the band packed Los Angeles' Trianon ballroom on Saturday night, and also appeared in a local TV show.

The Fans Are Different. For nine months of the year, except for occasional forays with Hope, Les & Co. are set as solid as cement in Los Angeles. The take, including record royalties, is \$350,000 a year. The musicians, most of whom have been with Les five to ten years, earn around \$10,000 apiece, and are settled family men with permanent homes around

Los Angeles. This gives the Band of Renown a respectable pipe & slippers atmosphere, in contrast to the breathless, upper-berth days of the middle '30s, when Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Jimmie Lunceford rocketed around the U.S. with their big bands, collecting frenzied worship. In 15 years the band business has settled down, and chunky Les Brown, who played his first dance date with a clarinet at 16, is one who saw the change coming.

For one thing, the bands lost a lot of musicians to the armed services in World War II, and, says Brown, "always the best guys seemed to go." They returned with most of the fire and wanderlust burned out of them, and headed for comfortable berths in movie and radio studios: marriage and one-night stands do not mix. And the fans themselves are different. Unlike the openmouthed mobs who used to jitter right into the bell of Benny Goodman's clarinet, the new generation seems to "dance easier than they used to. You don't see the place hopping as it did in the old days."

"Make Hit Records." The old circuit of "prestige houses," which included such famed spots as New Jersey's Meadowbrook and Chicago's Blackhawk, now scrambles for top soloists more than top bands. With rare exceptions, the theaters that used to pay Goodman and Shaw \$10,000 a week are gone. Recording companies nowadays play for the hit song, the one-shot success; the disk jockey, who can make or break a record, rules the roost.

In a world where beat-and-swing-and-pack-'em-in no longer pays off, Les Brown advises: "Hire good men, make hit records, treat the men well, make hit records . . . hold on to the men, make hit records." For the Band of Renown, it works pretty well.



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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
COLUMBUS, OHIO



LES BROWN (LEFT) & DANCE CROWD IN LOS ANGELES
From upper berth to slippers and pipe.



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The Best in 50 Years?

Who can pick the "ten best" paintings of any era? Probably nobody, but people have been known to try. For an exhibition which opened this week, Manhattan's Wildenstein Gallery asked the art critics of seven U.S. publications to choose ten outstanding American paintings of the 20th century apiece.

Art Digest, *Art News* and *Magazine of Art* leaned heavily to the advance guard: *LIFE*, the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* stuck to the middle of the road. *TIME* was comparatively conservative, chose five pictures that had been painted 30 or more years ago.*

Only five painters of the half-century made three or more of the seven lists: Stuart Davis, Lyonel Feininger, Marsden Hartley, John Marin and Edward Hopper.

19th Century Reporter

Constantin Guys could sketch, with equal ease, a cavalry charge or a crinolined cocotte. As a war correspondent in the Crimea, he turned out sheaves of detailed drawings of battles and camp life. As a Parisian artist-about-town, he caught the elegant manners and shady morals of

his contemporaries. Although he lacked Daumier's satiric bite and Rowlandson's ribald bounce, Guys's quick eye and facile technique made him one of Europe's ablest 19th century reporters. Last week, to celebrate the 150th anniversary of his birth, some of the best of Guys's reporting was on display in a Paris gallery.

Guys's artistic career got off to a slow start. After brief service alongside Lord Byron in the War for Greek Independence, followed by 14 years' wandering through Europe and the Middle East as soldier and adventurer, at 36 Guys decided to take up drawing. His first tries, according to his friend, Poet Charles Baudelaire, were "gloomy scratchings . . . He sketched like a barbarian, like an infant." But Guys stuck to it, and ten years later was good enough to get assignments as an artist-reporter for the *Illustrated London News*. "Do as you please with the landscape," he once wrote his editors from the Crimean battlefield. "Put in a snowstorm if you want." But, he insisted, "please respect the uniforms as I've drawn them. They are absolutely exact."

Guys was no less exact when he turned to studies of Parisian life. Each night, from memories of daytime excursions, he worked on sketches of promenading beauties and dandies, coachmen and soldiers, Paris streets and fashionable salons. But few outside a small circle of friends knew or appreciated Guys's Paris sketches. Hundreds of drawings piled up in his studio or were peddled unsigned for a franc or less.

In 1880, 78-year-old Guys stumbled into Paris' Musée Carnavalet, sold the curator some 300 of his drawings for \$50,



Guys's "Rue Maubert"
Only \$50 for 300.

Later he wrote his friend, Photographer Felix Nadar, "They aren't worth anything, I know. If you'd like two or three hundred, I'd be glad to send them over to you."

Guys's estimate of his work was overmodest. Since his death in a charity clinic in 1892, museums and private collectors have begun to collect his drawings. Last week Paris critics had compared him with Rembrandt and Goya, and labeled him "one of the most sumptuous draftsman of the French school."

Googie

Southern California, with its pagoda cinemas and eateries shaped like bulldogs, has long been noted for the world's largest crop of chicken-wire-and-stucco monstrosities. This month *House & Home* notes a new regional aberration and gives it a name: Googie. Its archetypal example, says *House & Home*, is a Los Angeles restaurant named Googie's, where a large part of the modernistic steel and stucco building takes off into the blue at a leaning angle even more startling than the Tower of Pisa.

Googie architecture, says *House & Home*, is "Modern Architecture Uninhibited . . . an art in which anything and everything goes—so long as it's modern . . . To the inventions of the modern engineer Googie adds all of *Popular Mechanics*, [including] walls that are hinged and roll out on casters, doors that disappear into the ground, overhead lights that cook the hamburger."

There are certain rules, however, that a Googie architect should follow:

- "Although it must look organic, it must be abstract. If a house looks like mushrooms, they must be abstract mushrooms."
- "Just as three architectural themes mixed together are better than one, so two or three structural systems mixed together add to the interest."



HOPPER'S "NEW YORK MOVIE"
Only five made three out of seven.

The Museum of Modern Art



LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR

This painting of a church in the French town of Auvers was one of Vincent van Gogh's last and least-known works, never publicly shown until this year. Van Gogh painted it after his release from an insane asylum in 1890, and while he was under the care of Auvers' kindly Dr. Gachet. Shortly before his final illness drove him to suicide, the artist gave the picture to

Gachet. Last month Dr. Gachet's son presented it to the Louvre.

Van Gogh made the little church loom like a pale thunderhead against a bruise-blue sky. The ground it rides on is restless as a sea. The painting underlines what Van Gogh meant when, nearing the end, he wrote in a letter to his brother Theo that his art was "the best lightning conductor for my illness."



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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Pasadena Independent:

TRUMAN JOGGING—MAY RUN LATER

Death in Prague

For years, *Lidove Noviny* (People's News) was Czechoslovakia's best newspaper, often favorably compared with the *New York Times*. Politically independent, the paper built up a large staff of foreign correspondents and a list of notable contributors (Thomas Mann, Winston Churchill, Karel Capek, Leon Blum). At the peak of its influence in the '20s and



EN-EDITOR PEROUTKA
Twelve letters were missing.

'30s, the *Lidove Noviny* had a circulation of 80,000 and always made money.

But when the Nazis invaded Czechoslovakia, Political Editor Ferdinand Peroutka, along with other staffers who opposed the Nazis, was thrown into concentration camp. Not till 1945 was Peroutka released. Back in Prague, he took over as *Lidove Noviny* editor in chief and fought the Communist infiltration of the government as bitterly as he had fought the Nazis. During the Red coup in 1948, the Communists fired him and other anti-Red staffers. In his last editorial, Peroutka warned: "Even if you Communists now take possession of *Lidove Noviny* . . . what will you have taken possession of? Nothing more than the twelve letters in the paper's title. Everything else will go with us."

Shortly after, Peroutka escaped from Czechoslovakia, hidden in a furniture van, and made his way to the U.S. The Reds continued to purge staff members, and last week eliminated the "twelve letters" completely. The *Lidove Noviny* was closed because it "was not keeping pace

with the expanding and manifold cultural life of Czechoslovakia." In its place the Reds began to publish a faithful imitation of Moscow's *Literary Gazette*.

In his weekly broadcast from New York to his homeland over Radio Free Europe, ex-Editor Peroutka sadly said: "The suspension of *Lidove Noviny* is a signal for the remaining Czech writers to take leave finally of whatever last illusions they may have."

Pegler v. the Legion

Westbrook Pegler, a Hearst columnist, is fond of recalling that 15 years ago the American Legion gave him a plaque for striking "some blows for 'Americanism.'" Last week Pegler struck some blows at the Legion.

The Legion's Americanism Commission, said Peg, had "taken [him] to task"—and why? Just because he had reported when he was in Europe recently what any fool could plainly see: that U.S. union men are working with the Government to deliver Western Europe into the hands of socialism. The people who dare to disagree with Pegler's choleric omniscience are no ordinary fools. Nevertheless, in this case, said Peg, the facts should be plain, even "should be known to the shallow politicians of the Legion in their jealous competition for trashy publicity to promote their insurance business, their public-relations mills and their paltry aspirations." And one other thing: the Legion could come take their plaque back, any time they felt like it.

"You'll Simply Drool"

As a special journalism project at the University of New Mexico, a senior named Joe Aaron wrote a thesis on classified ads in newspapers. In a survey of 8,000 ads in eight major U.S. dailies,* he found no sectional differences in language, except for "smog free" California real estate. A house is "cute," "a cutie," "adorable," "exquisite," "elegant," "a dandy," "magnificent," "glamorous," "spic & span," "clean as a pin," "a rare find"—and inevitably near everything and a "real bargain." A farm is never a farm but "a rural hideaway," "rustic retreat," or "secluded estate."

Many ads are in a kind of code. Prime example, from the *Washington Star*: "Pack, '51 dlx 4 dr, ultra, R.H., 1262 act mi." (Translation: 1951 Packard four-door deluxe with Ultramatic Drive, radio and heater, has been driven 1262 actual miles.) From the *Denver Post*: "New lg lv rm, frpl, 2 bdrm, lg kt, exp attic cel gar." (Translation: a new house with a large living room with fireplace, two bedrooms, large kitchen, expansion attic and cellar garage.) Automobiles are "jim dandy," "slick as a whistle," "A-1," "just like

* The Philadelphia Bulletin, Los Angeles Times, Denver Post, Houston Chronicle, New York Herald Tribune, Washington Star, Birmingham Post, Kansas City Star.



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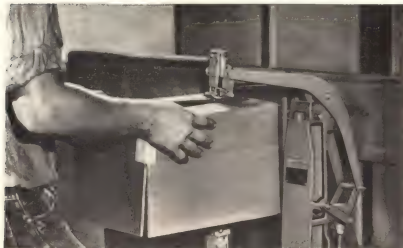
Circulars



Price Book

How much can you save in your shipping room?

SEE HOW THIS SCHOOL BOOK DISTRIBUTOR CUT HIS CARTON-SEALING COSTS 70%



1. HE USES A BOSTITCH FOOT-POWERED BOTTOM STAPLER to make up corrugated cartons three times faster than taping and gluing. Bostitch staples also give him stronger, neater packages... No more postal complaints because of improper sealing... no more book rejections because of smudges from glue and tape. His shippers, too, prefer Bostitch stapling over the taping, gluing, string-tying and wire-binding methods formerly used. For the same reasons, it will pay you to investigate the cost-cutting possibilities of Bostitch stapling in your shipping room.



2. HE USES A BOSTITCH HEAVY-DUTY STAPLER — equipped with a long, thin sealing blade — to top-seal his bulky shipping cartons. Also three times faster than gluing and taping.



3. HE USES A BOSTITCH PLIER-TYPE STAPLER to seal corrugated wrap-around packages for single-book shipments... and saves time, money, and labor. Eliminates need for made-up mailers.

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BOSTITCH, 366 Mechanic Street, Westerly, R.I.

Please rush me free literature showing which Bostitch stapling machines selected from your more than 800 models can help cut my shipping room costs.

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new "never a wreck," "peachy keen," and "loaded" (all the extras). The highest praise: "You'll simply drool."

Help Wanted ads seldom offer jobs—only "openings" and "positions." Babies to be cared for are always "darlings." Lost dogs are inevitably "the pet of an invalid grandmother" or belong to a "heartbroken little girl." Dogs for sale are recommended variously in classified newspaper ads as "love that money can't buy," "darlings," "cuddlies," and "swell pets." Most refined touch: a bitch with a litter of pups listed as a "matron."

Traceable to Tracy?

In Omaha, 17 parking meters were wrenched from the curb and spilted away. In Savannah, an estimated 150 meters were broken open and looted. In both cities, police voiced the dark suspicion that Dick Tracy himself, the fearless comic-strip detective, had inspired these petty robberies. The strip, which appears



Copyright, 1952, by The Chicago Tribune
COMIC-STRIP BANDITS
Not guilty, by golly.

in some 350 papers, has been showing a gang of teen-age hoodlums at work yanking up meters and taking them to a remote spot to rifle them. Tracy's creator, Chicago Tribune Cartoonist Chester Gould, pleaded not guilty. Said he: "Most of the crimes that old Dick Tracy contends with are as old as police history itself. I don't create them, by golly."

Salé in Cincinnati

The 110-year-old *Enquirer*, Cincinnati's leading daily and its only morning and Sunday newspaper, was sold last week for \$7,500,000. The buyer: Cincinnati's afternoon *Times-Star* (circ. 150,489), published by 74-year-old Hulbert Taft, whose cousin, Senator Bob Taft, owns 5% of the paper (TIME, Jan. 14). The *Enquirer* (circ. 185,283 daily, 269,415 Sunday) has been held in trust by Washington's American Security & Trust Co. since Owner John R. McLean died in 1916, and Washington's district court must still approve the sale. Under the deal, the *Times-Star* agrees to publish the *Enquirer* as a separate paper for at least twelve years. The *Times-Star* and *Enquirer* have long seen eye to eye editorially, and Publisher Taft plans no changes in his new paper's staff or makeup.

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Machining, painting, polishing, finishing and assembly are typical of many production steps eliminated entirely or materially reduced with plastics.

Even complex parts can often be molded in one piece . . . with slots, grooves and holes formed at the same time. Finishing operations are frequently no more than simply clipping the molded part from the sprue as it is taken from the mold.

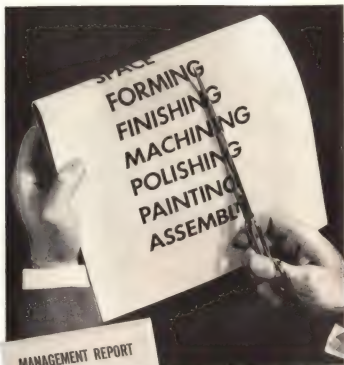
Colors are inherent in the plastics . . . so painting is not needed. Intricate shapes and details are molded right in. Often a one-piece molding replaces several parts that previously had to be assembled, thus saving time and costs for the assembly operation.

A full discussion of these production advantages is given in the Monsanto report "Trimming 10 Plant Costs." Use the handy coupon to send for a copy.

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TIME's weekly chapter on RELIGION helps you follow the news of churches and churchmen everywhere.

The New Pictures

The African Queen (Horizon; United Artists) is the name of a leaky, 30-ft. steam launch that wheezes along a remote little river in German East Africa, delivering mail and supplies. When World War I begins to creep into the jungle, Skipper Humphrey Bogart noses his boat into a quiet backwater, intending to sit out the fighting with a case or two of Gordon's gin. But he takes on an unwelcome passenger, Katharine Hepburn, a prissy, "skinny old maid" who has other ideas. Determined to strike a blow for King, country and her dead missionary brother, Hepburn browbeats Bogart into running the guns of a German fort, shooting perilous rapids down to a lake patrolled by an

1935 novel. Bogart, cast as a Canadian instead of a Cockney, does the best acting of his career as the badgered rumpot who becomes a man and a lover against his will. Katharine Hepburn is excellent as the gaunt, freckled, fanatic spinster. Their contrasting personalities fill the film with good scenes, beginning with Bogart's testable agony as the indelicate rumbling of his stomach keeps interrupting Missionary Robert Morley's chitchat about dear old England.

Meet Danny Wilson (Universal-International) pictures the rise of a brash but likable young crooner to the special fame that only bobbysoxers can bestow. Apart from romantic and melodramatic trimmings that it borrows elsewhere, the story



HEPBURN & BOGART ON THE "AFRICAN QUEEN"
Through heat, heartbreak and the hangman's noose.

enemy gunboat. Her object is to sink the gunboat with a homemade torpedo.

The movie is not great art, but it is great fun. Essentially it is one long, exciting, old-fashioned movie chase. Filmed in the Belgian Congo and Uganda by Director John Huston, it tells its adventure yarn in a blaze of Technicolor, fine wild scenery and action. While hippos gambol in the shallows and crocodiles gape evilly from mudbanks, Bogart and Hepburn fight each other, the elements and the Germans. They are shot at by natives, drenched by torrential downpours, devoured by mosquitoes and blood-sucking leeches, felled by malarial fevers. They triumph over heat, hardship and heartbreak only to end as prisoners of the Germans, with the hangman's noose about their necks. But Hollywood knows how a good movie chase must end: in one final, glorious and impressive explosion.

The script, by Huston and James Agee, is faithful to the spirit of C. S. Forester's

cribs so freely from the career and personality of Frank Sinatra that fans may expect Ava Gardner to pop up in the last reel. What sharpens the illusion is the playing of Crooner Danny Wilson by Crooner Sinatra himself.

It is not a very good movie, or even the best Sinatra has made, but it does give his talents the best cinematic showcase they have had. Cast as a knockabout who is quick of wit and whim, generous and irascible by turns, Frankie handles his role, and the script's quip-studded dialogue, with cocky, easy charm. By his tricky phrasing and showmanlike delivery, he gives a lift to a score full of old hits, e.g., *You're a Sweetheart*, *When You're Smiling*, *Old Black Magic*.

Meet Danny Wilson is pleasant when it gives Frankie the stage or when it sticks closest to his own story, as in a documentary-like scene of a teen-age audience swooning and squealing at Manhattan's Paramount Theater. But the pleasure



The most important part of your retirement plan is something you don't see here

Like most of us, you are probably looking forward to a happy retirement sometime in the future.

It's true, of course, that financial provisions are necessary to achieve the good things you're planning for the leisure years. That's why insurance, annuities, social security, pensions, and other savings are so important.

But, even with financial security assured, will retirement really turn out as you hope and dream it will? The answer largely depends on what you do about a very important part of any retirement plan—your continued good health.

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good health as a part of your retirement program? By planning for it, just as carefully as you plan for your material security.

So, begin now to take advantage of the knowledge and skills which medical science offers to conserve good health. For example, regular medical checkups should never be neglected—even though you may feel perfectly well at the time.

Through these examinations your doctor can keep an inventory of your health, detect weak spots in your physical make-up, and often strengthen them before real trouble begins.

Of course, whenever you get a "warn-

ing" that all is not as it should be, see your doctor promptly.

It's important, too, to follow his advice about diet, exercise, rest and other measures that mean so much to your continued physical and mental well-being.

Thanks to doctors, nurses, public health workers, pharmacists, and other members of the "health team," you have a better chance now than ever before to enjoy longer years of retirement.

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WILSON & MARX

Room for a confounded commander. drains away in a trite love story involving a nightclub singer (Shelley Winters), and a silly plot leading to a gun battle between Frankie and a gangster in an empty baseball park at night.

Shadow in the Sky (M-G-M), based on a *New Yorker* short story by Edward Newhouse, finds ex-Marine Ralph Meeker committed to a veterans' hospital because of his morbid tendency to hide under tables whenever it rains. When he is finally pronounced well enough to move in with his sister and brother-in-law (Nancy Davis and James Whitmore), they at first hesitate to bring him into close contact with their two children. But eventually they give in to the urgings of conscience embodied in Jean Hagen, a whimsical young woman who has met Meeker at hospital dances.

Having posed a fairly dramatic problem in human relationships, the movie promptly drops it for a lengthy debate over what Meeker should do with his \$300 bankroll. Should he invest it in Whitmore's gas station? Or should he buy a boat and go junketing about the West Coast with Jean Hagen? The film never recovers from this odd digression, and Meeker's eventual cure is accomplished with Hollywood mirrors: in a tropical downpour, he saves his nephew's life, clears up his war neurosis in a brisk man-to-man chat with Whitmore, and, arm-in-arm with Jean, walks happily into the rainswept night.

A Girl in Every Port (RKO Radio) has Groucho Marx, but not much else, in its favor. Teamed with William Bendix, Groucho is a Navy veteran with a talent for swindling landlubbers. Starting with a race horse with bad legs, he launches a series of doubletalk deals that get him involved with gangsters, saboteurs, ringers and Marie Wilson. The plot, which limps as badly as Groucho's horse, fortunately has room for a number of familiar set pieces: Groucho confounding his Navy

commander, Groucho playing a Kentucky colonel, Groucho leering at Marie Wilson. Director Chester Erskine, who also wrote the screenplay, subscribes to the theory that if the action is fast it must be funny. Groucho struggles heroically to prove him right, but doesn't quite make it.

Lady Possessed (Portland; Republic) resuscitates that familiar figure of movie melodrama: a living person haunted by the spirit of the dead.

The lady in question is an American girl (June Havoc) who moves into the stately English country home of James Mason, and is thereafter haunted by Mason's dead wife, Madeline. By the third reel, June has dyed her blonde hair black to match Madeline's, and is painting Siamese cats just as Madeline once did. An irrational ending saves her from complete insanity, but does not save the film from looking foolish.

Lady Possessed, co-authored by Mason and his wife Pamela Kellino (who also appears in the picture) from her novel *Del Palma*, is equipped with all the standard ghost-story props: doors that open and close by themselves, a spooky seance, low-keyed lighting and eerie music. Outstanding novelty: Singer-Pianist Mason, usually typed as a glowering heavy, blithely crooning a sophisticated ditty which goes, in part:

*It's you I love,
It isn't the Champs Elysées.
It isn't a tune by Bizet,
It's you I love.*

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rashomon. An extraordinary Japanese film. Oriental in style and mood, yet universal in its insight into the frailty of the human animal (TIME, Jan. 7).

Decision Before Dawn. A German prisoner (Oskar Werner) sweats out a mission as a U.S. spy in Germany on the brink of defeat in World War II (TIME, Dec. 24).

Miracle in Milan. Italian Director Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica's fantasy about a goodhearted youth in a wicked world (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. M-G-M's \$6,500,000 worth of spectacle in Nero's Rome: with 30,000 extras, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

The Browning Version. Michael Redgrave as an English public-school teacher burdened with humiliating failure until Playwright-Scripter Terence Rattigan helps him to straighten up (TIME, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Director William Wyler's exciting version of the Sidney Kingsley stage hit, with Kirk Douglas as the overrighteous detective and Eleanor Parker as his less-than-perfect wife (TIME, Oct. 29).

The Lavender Hill Mob. Alec Guinness in a bright British farce about a staid bank employee who satisfies the criminal yearnings of a lifetime (TIME, Oct. 15).

An American in Paris. Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron dance to George Gershwin's tunes in a gay musical (TIME, Oct. 8).



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RELIGION

4 1/2 Baptists

Baptists were pleased last week to learn (from the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs) that four candidates (or presumed candidates) for the presidency are Baptists—Harry Truman, Estes Kefauver, Harold Stassen and Oklahoma's Senator Robert Kerr. The committee also concluded that California's Earl Warren is at least a half-Baptist; he was raised a Methodist, but usually attends the Baptist church of his wife and daughters.*

Video Debut

Du Mont Television put the question to Roman Catholic Bishop Fulton J. Sheen two months ago. How would the bishop like to have a television program? Bishop Sheen said he would like it fine. Details were ironed out (e.g., the bishop preferred to broadcast from a church, but Du Mont convinced him that a studio-set library would be better) and last week the new series, *Life Is Worth Living* (Tuesdays 8 p.m., E.S.T.), was aired over Manhattan, Chicago and Washington stations. Half an hour later, at program's end, Du Mont was swamped with 250 congratulatory calls; in a week, the program drew more than 3,000 fan letters.

Bishop Sheen's message in his TV debut: man yearns for life, truth and love. The human forms of these things are imperfect, ephemeral. But in God, man finds pure life, pure truth, pure love—"that is the definition of God." After a 20-minute talk in which he stressed Christian fundamentals rather than specific Catholic dogmas, the bishop answered questions from the studio audience. Sample: "Why does God permit evil in the world?" Answer: in giving man freedom, God gave him the freedom to choose between good & evil. Without the devil, there could be no saint; without the traitor, no patriot.

This week, as the mail continued to pile in, Du Mont and Bishop Sheen were planning to continue the series indefinitely, as one of Du Mont's "public service" shows.

Hunted Jesuit

From his satin doublet to the tip of his gilt-handled rapier, John Gerard was the classic Elizabethan gentleman. He was tall and handsomely dark. The son of a noble Lancashire family, he had studied at Oxford, and spoke excellent French and Latin. He was a dashing horseman and a minor authority on falconry and the chase.

But there was one thing that set Gerard apart from other English gentlemen of his time: he was a Jesuit priest. Under the fine doublet he wore a monastic hair shirt. Concealed in his saddlebags he carried a Mass kit and a Latin breviary. For 17

* Other candidates (or presumed candidates): Dwight Eisenhower (brought up in the Brethren in Christ church, now an "intensely religious" nonsectarian), Robert Taft (Episcopalian), Douglas MacArthur (Episcopalian), Adlai Stevenson (Unitarian).



BISHOP SHEEN ON TV
Without the devil, no saints.

years, John Gerard, S.J., lived an exacting double life, ministering in secret to England's scattered and persecuted Roman Catholics. Last week a modern English Jesuit, Father Philip Caraman, published in the U.S. a new English translation of Gerard's Latin autobiography (*Autobiography of a Hunted Priest*; Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$3.50)—the plainly written account of a spiritual mission as thrilling as a modern spy story.

Barred Doors. It was 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada, when 25-year-old Father John Gerard, just ordained in Rome, landed secretly in Norfolk, England. The day after his arrival he barely escaped a trap set by local "priest hunters." In London he found his Jesuit superior and began his ministry, always traveling as a country gentleman of quality.

Gerard found his safest hiding places in the secluded houses of the Roman Catholic gentry. Most of these manors had secret cubicles—"priests' holes"—where priests could hide if the house was searched. Gerard describes the end of one nerve-racking search: "Like Lazarus, who was buried four days, I came forth from what indeed would have been my tomb, if the search had continued a little longer."

In 1594 the Queen's marshals caught Gerard in London. Later he was taken to the Tower and questioned about his "accomplices." When he refused to tell where his superior was hiding, he was tortured for two days in the Tower dungeon. For hours at a time he was hung by his manacled hands from the dungeon ceiling, but he never gave his friends away.

In his imprisonment Father Gerard's

* Whose ducal family, the Howards, one of the oldest in England, were Roman Catholics, as they are still.



New Giant of the Air Force

This is the Boeing eight-jet XB-52 Stratofortress, America's new all-jet heavy bomber—one of the most potent weapons yet devised to keep peace through strategic air power.

Details of the B-52's design and performance are closely guarded secrets. This non-revealing photo was released by the Air Force when the airplane was moved from its hangar

to a more exposed area for start of engine and taxi tests. Boeing will continue, with the Air Force, the policy of guarding details of the B-52 to the fullest extent.

This mighty bomber climaxes 35 years of Boeing development. Like its teammate, the B-47 Stratojet medium bomber, it has behind it the accumulated skills that gave the na-

tion the B-17 Flying Fortress and the B-29 and B-50 Superforts. It represents daring thinking and ingenuity on the part of both Boeing's experienced engineering staff and the United States Air Force.

The B-52 Stratofortress — already ordered for production — is evidence of America's determination to maintain necessary strategic air strength.

For the Air Force, Boeing also builds the B-47 Stratojets, B-50 Superfortresses and C-97 Stratofreighters; and for the world's leading airlines Boeing has built fleets of twin-deck Stratocruisers.

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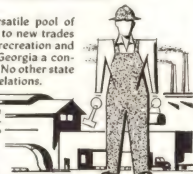
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Christian resignation was tempered by a Jesuit conviction that the Lord helps those who help themselves. His jailer had allowed him to visit a fellow prisoner in another part of the Tower.

Writes Father Gerard: "While we were passing the time of day together, it struck me how close this tower was to the moat encircling the outer fortifications, and I thought it might be possible for a man to lower himself with a rope from a roof of the tower onto the wall beyond the moat." A few weeks later, with the help of confederates outside, he did exactly that.

Rash Adventurers. In 1605, not long after James Ist succeeded Elizabeth, Guy Fawkes and some other rash adventurers hatched their abortive plot to blow up King James and his Protestant Parliament. Although Father Gerard knew nothing of the plot, the anti-Catholic reaction was so strong that he had to leave



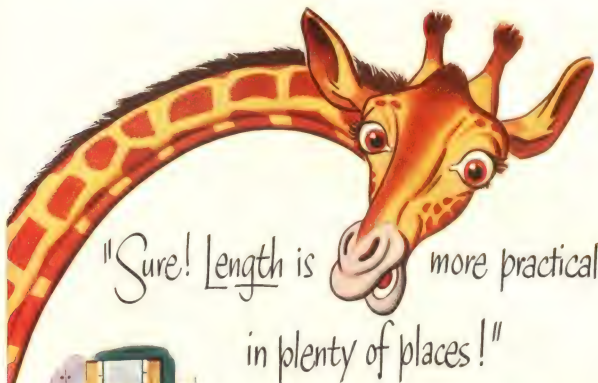
Secret Hiding Places by Granville Square
PRIESTS' HIDEOUT, CIRCA 1600

Under the satin doublet, a hair shirt.

the country. He slipped across the Channel disguised as a servant of the Spanish ambassador.

In his 17-year mission, besides "reconciling" many of his fellow Englishmen to Roman Catholicism, he sent at least 30 men to the Continent to study for the priesthood. "God grant," he told himself after the shores of England slipped away, "that I may always love and dutifully carry the cross of Christ and walk worthily of the vocation to which I am called." The Jesuits gave Father Gerard other offices to perform, e.g., rector of a house of philosophy at Liège, confessor to the English College at Rome. But he never saw England again.

* English Roman Catholics were chagrined to find King James as poor an exponent of religious toleration as Queen Elizabeth. By Catholic account, Scottish James actually sought Catholic support for himself when he first moved to London, changed his mind when he found himself popular with his Protestant subjects. On viewing his first cheering English crowd, the story goes, James turned to a counselor and said, "Na, na, guid fayth, wee's not need the Papists now."



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Rattlesnakes & Owls

Prairie dogs, burrowing owls and rattlesnakes—so says an old legend—all live happily together in the same holes. For years zoologists have protested that this kind of thing is very unlikely. But many a rural Midwesterner refuses to give up the legend. Farmers testify that they have seen owls and prairie dogs coming out of the same hole. Some maintain stoutly that they have seen an owl go down a hole and a moment later heard the buzzing of a rattler there.

In the current *Natural History*, Ornithologist Lewis Wayne Walker explains the basis for this widespread belief. While he was watching a prairie-dog town, an eagle sailed over. Prairie dogs and an owl dashed for the nearest shelter, and the owl struggled with the prairie dogs to get down a hole first. When the danger had passed, they all reappeared and went to their proper homes. This emergency procedure, Walker thinks, explains the stories of dog-owl happy households. It was harder to explain the rattlesnake part of the legend. He could report no rattlesnake sharing a hole with either a prairie dog or an owl.

While studying the nesting habits of the owls, Walker stumbled on an explanation. He dug away the earth over an underground owl nest, covered it with a sheet of glass and set a camera in the earth beside it. Then he watched and took pictures while the eggs were hatched. When the nestlings appeared, he got his answer: when disturbed, the baby owls made a noise exactly like a snake's rattle. Nature may have supplied this trick to frighten off intruders.

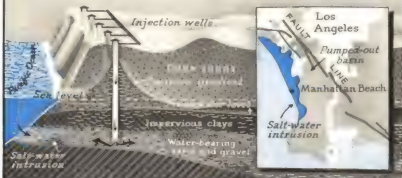
Underground Dam

Los Angeles County (which frequently strives to be different) is building an underground dam—made of water. Purpose of the new dam: to keep the sea from seeping into the deep wells that supply a large part of the water for half a million people.

South of Los Angeles and inland from Manhattan Beach is a flat suburban area that was once semi-desert. It had no surface water, but under its tight clay subsoil lay water-saturated gravel. When real-estate boomers discovered this treasure, they drilled well after well, and the well water, used recklessly, made the land salable for home sites and industries. Now the "west basin," as the geologists call it, has oil refineries and factories, as well as 500,000 people. But its underground water is almost gone. The water table is some 50 to 60 ft. below sea level, and sea water is seeping rapidly into the gravel. Some wells two miles inland have already gone so salt that they are useless.

Local boosters and realty boards were not anxious to shout about this creeping threat to their real-estate values, but Water Engineer Oswald A. Gierlich of Manhattan Beach refused to keep mum. He

FRESH WATER DIKE



Trust Diagram by J. Desovich

knew that the west basin's gravel recharges very slowly, that fresh water comes a long distance from inland mountains and filters through gaps in an impermeable barrier called the Inglewood-Newport Fault (see diagram). The invading sea water moves much faster. Gierlich figured that, if nothing were done, sea water would fill the whole basin in about ten years and permanently spoil the vital wells.

After years of study, the Los Angeles County Flood Control District finally decided to try an experiment. Last year its engineers pumped 100 million gallons of fresh water into the salted gravel under Manhattan Beach. Observation wells drilled alongside showed that the fresh water did not mix much with the salt, but forced it away, forming a mound of fresh-water gravel. The sea water still seeped inland around the mound, like a stream flowing around a rock, but at that one point it was stopped.

Now the Flood Control District is drill-

ing a line of twelve-inch "injection wells" 1,000 ft. apart and parallel to the beach. When fresh water is forced into the wells, it will form a dike of saturated gravel that will keep the sea water from entering the pumped-out basin. Gierlich hopes that the basin will eventually be filled to above sea level by the natural seepage of mountain water. Then the sea will no longer try to invade it. The industries and the people who depend on west basin water will never be able to use it at the old spendthrift rate, but at least they can be sure that their wells will not gush salt water.

Flying Fibers

Britain's airplane designers are hot on the trail of something new: plastic airplanes. Last week the Board of Trade was talking up an all-plastic wing of triangular "delta" shape, which was developed by the Ministry of Supply and will be exhibited in May at the British Industries Fair. The wing is black, shiny, and made mostly of felled asbestos fibers impregnated with a synthetic resin. Preliminary tests indicate that the material will stand the heat developed by the high speeds for which delta wings are designed. Tests of strength are encouraging too.

The wing is made by a simple low-pressure molding process much like a method used in the U.S. to make plastic boats. The heat to set the resin must be controlled precisely, so 99 sensitive thermocouples are buried in the mold. To avoid running separate wires to each thermocouple, they are all connected to a small telephone exchange inside the mold. When the man in charge of the curing wants to know how hot a certain part is, he uses an ordinary telephone dial to "call up" the proper thermocouple and ask it to report.

The Board of Trade proudly calls the wing "a pioneer step toward all-plastic aircraft, which promises to be easier to build than present-day metal aircraft, and from 50% to 80% cheaper." The Fairey Aviation Co., one of Britain's leading aircraft manufacturers, expects to have a plastic delta wing—presumably a fighter—in the air within two years.



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RADIO & TELEVISION

Dethroned

Researcher A. C. Nielsen this week dropped a pair of blockbusters:

¶ For the first time since his *Texaco Star Theater* went on the air in 1948, Milton Berle slipped from his No. 1 TV rating for three weeks in a row. The new champion: *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, with 58% of the viewing audience. Adding insult to injury, *Arthur Godfrey & His Friends* won the No. 2 spot, with 55.8%. Berle (52.6%) is in third place, pressed closely by *The Red Skelton Show* (51.5%).

¶ There was even worse news for radio. Every one of the eight top TV shows now reaches a larger audience than listens to *Amos 'n' Andy*, the No. 1 radio show.

ooo musical library fills a room nearly as large as his original office. Twelve arrangers, orchestrators and copyists turn out the scores for one week's show. Its half-dozen sponsors pay \$150,000 a week to put the show on the air. Last month Liebman built the interior of a submarine at a cost of \$2,000, then used the set for only 7½ minutes in a Sid Caesar sketch.

Director Bill Hobin uses cranes, dollies and ramps to move his five cameras up & down, back & forth, this way & that. A wide-angle lens can catch as many as ten dancers and eight singers in a single shot without having them trample each other or clutter the screen; the zoom-type lens moves from long shots to close-ups with a breathtaking rush and without loss of



IMOGENE COCA IN "SHOW OF SHOWS" REHEARSAL
The camera stopped looking through the keyhole.

Come of Age

When TV first became mass entertainment three years ago, nobody had a very clear idea what to do with it. "We started out on TV peeking through a keyhole at a Broadway revue," says Max Liebman, producer of *Your Show of Shows* (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC-TV). When Liebman put on his first TV revue in 1949, dancers practiced in a bare room off Broadway; skits were worked out in cubbyhole offices and washrooms. Liebman's show went on the air without a camera rehearsal and from the stage of a theater. Curtains opened & closed for each number. The camera looked straight ahead. If there were more than five dancers together on the viewer's screen, they looked like a subway mob at rush hour.

Dollies & Process. This week, as Liebman produced his 97th TV revue, television had a lot more technical experience. Liebman's 80-man staff spreads over five floors of a Manhattan building. A \$250,-

focus. With process shots (filmed back-grounds), Hobin can shoot scenes that look like Paris, Tokyo, the Taj Mahal or a Venetian canal.

Scoops & Baffles. Liebman's actors, now TV veterans, have survived the harsh lights of early TV and, thanks to the new orthicon camera tube, which makes a clearer picture possible with less light, use little make-up and fewer aspirins.

But for singers and musicians, things have not improved so much. If the musicians play loud enough for a singer to hear them distinctly, they may find themselves playing too loud for televisioners to hear anything else. Soprano Marguerite Piazza has to go it alone in her operatic arias, trusting Music Director Charles Sanford to follow her lead. Sanford, trying to outwit ricocheting echoes, wages continuous war with tricky acoustics; he has hung the theater with painted canvas, shellacked beaverboard, velvet draperies and sound-proofed scoops and baffles. TV music has become more a question of artful decep-

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Have you reviewed your life insurance program within the last two years? You'll find a distinct advantage in calling upon the skill and understanding of a Northwestern Mutual agent. The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

A suggestion of real importance to the head of every family

by **ARTHUR B. EDGE, JR.**

*President, Callaway Mills Company,
LaGrange, Georgia*

"I FEEL that every family has to be a business organization.

"Like other concerns, it must watch carefully income and outgo of dollars, and put by reserves for future needs.

"Fortunately, most American homes recognize this. But one fact sometimes goes unheeded. No business can continue to prosper without periodically 'taking stock.'

"In the matter of family security, for example, life insurance programs do not automatically revise themselves to suit changing conditions.

"Changes in income, increased taxes, additions to the family, the purchase of a home—these are just a few of the natural developments which point up the need for a new 'inventory' of life insurance plans.

"So the business-like way is to review your life insurance arrangements at regular intervals. And here a thoroughly-trained life insurance agent can be of real help. His services, as you know, cost nothing extra."

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tion than full-bodied playing. Says Sanford: "When the score calls for an aggressive style of music, we sound aggressive but we don't play aggressive."

Theater to Come. Liebman believes that TV's technical advances will doom such contemporary makeshifts as remodeled theaters and reconditioned warehouses. He has already blueprinted the ideal TV theater of the future: "It will be a big, empty building measuring 100 by 100 feet, with bleachers at one end for a small audience. One large area will have a 180° cyclorama to form a permanent background for sets and create a genuine illusion of curving space." There should also be a separate property building connected to half a dozen subsidiary studios and a large back lot for outdoor sets. Some of the twelve to 14 cameras will fly overhead on electrically operated cranes; others will peer through trap doors in the studio floor for ant's-eye glimpses of the action. "With a setup like that," says Liebman, "we can put on a 'live' TV movie in an hour."

150,000 Cads

A television-detector van began prowling London's streets last week. It was beginning a search for 150,000 TV sets whose owners have not paid their annual license fee of £2 (\$5.60) to the General Post Office. Since the van can detect a set only when it is turned on—and if it happens to be within a 100-ft. radius of the truck—illicit televiewers had little reason to tremble in their boots.

A post office official hinted that the van was operating more as a stern reminder than as a sleuth, on the theory that the "social solidarity" of the more than 1,000,000 set owners who do pay the tax would bring the 150,000 recalcitrants into line. Said a spokesman: "After all, a chap who doesn't pay is a bit of a cad."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Feb. 22. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis Show (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Guest: Linda Darnell.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Elektra*, with Varnay, Hoengen, Svanholm, Wegner, Schoeffler.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Oliver Twist*, with Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff, Leueen McGrath, Melville Cooper.

The People Act (Sun. 10:05 p.m., CBS). A series on grass-roots democracy.

TELEVISION

All Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante. Guest: Gloria Swanson.

Meet the Masters (Sun. 5:30 p.m., NBC). Violinist Jascha Heifetz.

Comeo Theater (Sun. 10:30 p.m., NBC). First of a three-part presentation of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, with Douglass Montgomery, Claire Luce.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *Letter from an Unknown Woman*, with Viveca Lindfors, Jean Pierre Aumont.

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Venus Observed (by Christopher Fry) shows the author of *The Lady's Not for Burning* enmeshed in the bright, shiny seaweed of his own talents. *Venus* is a play about love and a philandering English duke who decides to settle down by choosing a bride from his long line of former mistresses. But he is smitten by his estate manager's fair young daughter, and loses her in the end to his son.

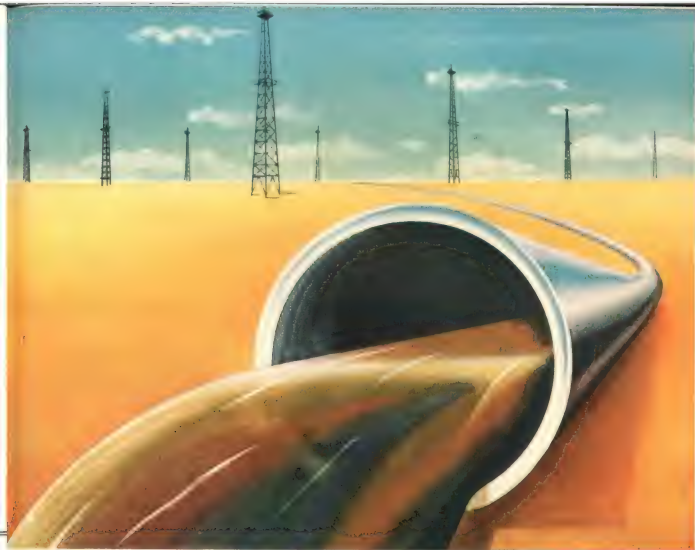
Love would dominate *Venus* if language did not drench it. Language is Fry's own true love, and *Venus* catches the glow of poetry, the mocking glints of parody, the flashing of rhetoric and the shimmer of wit. Amid such a tangle of traffic lights, traffic itself snarls, detours and halts. In



John Swoe
LILLI PALMER & REX HARRISON
Carousing on thin ice.

The Lady's Not for Burning, with its medieval echoes and broomstick leaps of witchcraft and romance, Fry could be simultaneously prankster and poet. Could spoof the very verse he spouted. But *Venus Observed* is modern, sophisticated, drawing-room bred, and its ironies, at times, stare down its extravaganzas as arrant trespassers.

There are many charming speeches and effects; there are bright stunts like a slowly uncoiling sentence 293 words long. But on the stage the play lacks pace and flow, the detail eats up the design. *Venus* is none the better for Sir Laurence Olivier's iridescent staging, which leaves most of the cast uncharacterized and even Lilli Palmer living entirely off charm. The splendid exceptions are Rex Harrison as the duke and John Williams as the estate manager. Fry, in his own words, is here carousing on thin ice; and he has forgotten Emerson's warning that in skating on thin ice, "our safety is in our speed."



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MILESTONES

Born. To Judith Coplon Socolov, 29, facing a third trial on spy-conspiracy charges, and her lawyer-husband Albert H. Socolov; a daughter; in Manhattan. Weight: 7 lbs. 11 oz.

Married. Gracie Fields, 54, durable British music-hall comedienne, who deliberately "tampered with the radio" because she liked the looks of the repairman; and Rumanian-born Abraham Boris Alperovici, 48, the radio repairman; she for the third time, he for the first; in Santo Stefano Church, near Gracie's Isle of Capri villa.

Died. James Gow, 45, onetime newspaperman who collaborated with Scenarist Arnaud d'Usseau on two his melodramas for Broadway (*Tomorrow the World*, *Deep Are the Roots*) and the movie thriller *Fourteen Hours*; of hypertension; in Manhattan.

Died. Charles E. Scribner III, 62, since 1932 head of the staid publishing house founded in 1846 by his grandfather; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. Despite the house's distinguished list of authors (e.g., F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe), Scribner officially insisted that "by far the most important thing" it ever published was its 1928 *Dictionary of American Biography*.

Died. Bertram Cutler, 71, who went to work in 1902 as a bookkeeper for John D. Rockefeller Sr., eventually became the family's most trusted investment adviser, known to Wall Street as "the man who votes the Rockefeller stock"; of a heart ailment; in Green Village, N.J.

Died. Dr. Alfred Einstein,* 71, who as a child used to make "a lot of noise" on the violin, then turned from play to study and became one of the world's great musicologists, a ranking authority on Mozart and his works; of a heart ailment; in El Cerrito, Calif. In 1933, Einstein saw the handwriting on Hitler's wall, fled to Britain, in 1939 came to the U.S., where his success in his specialty led him finally to refer to Hitler ironically as "my greatest benefactor."

Died. Ida B. Wise Smith, 80, who joined the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at 17, became its national president at 52, spent most of her adult life equating evil to alcohol and fighting for prohibition; in the State Mental Health Institute, Clarinda, Iowa, where she had been a patient since 1947. Hailing the U.S. dry era as "haleyon days," she firmly believed that prohibition would eventually come back to stay. Her credo: "I love God, my country and little children. I hate the liquor traffic and abhor all vice."

* A distant cousin of Physicist Albert.



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DISTRIBUTORS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Loosened Belt

U.S. businessmen have long known that rearmament's tightest pinch on civilian production would come in 1952's second quarter. But last week, when the Defense Production Administration allocated the quarter's supplies of metals, manufacturers learned that the pinch will not be as tight as they had feared. Reason: the "stretch-out" in the arms program enabled DPA to reduce the additional 10% cut in metals which had been scheduled. Instead, steel will not be cut at all; copper and aluminum will be cut only 5% on the average. And even "less essential" producers (aluminum blinds, cigarette lighters, etc.) will now be allowed as high a

RETAIL TRADE

The General's General Store

[See Cover]

As chairman of the board of Sears, Roebuck & Co., Robert Elkington Wood, 72, runs the biggest general store in the world. Last year Sears, Roebuck sold the astronomical number of 500,000,000 separate items—everything from a one-ounce sewing bobbin to a 2,200-lb. brooder house. But the biggest mail-order seller of all was, as usual, diapers. To Merchandiser Wood, this fact is significant. It illustrates his motto that a "business, to stay healthy, must grow with the nation."

To keep abreast of the soaring U.S. birth rate. Wood took a cool and calculated gamble six years ago. While other

the U.S.* Besides its mail-order business, which is run from eleven plants, Sears has 691 stores in 47 states, Hawaii and four foreign countries.

A West Point graduate and a brigadier general in World War I, Wood has a favorite phrase: "Let's charge." (He means it in the military, not the merchandising sense.) Yet he vehemently castigates the "military mind" in business, which he defines as thinking from the top down instead of the bottom up. "The military mind," says Old Soldier Wood, "doesn't know what makes our country tick." Bob Wood is sure he does know: free enterprise, whose "basic purpose is providing people with the things they require, at the lowest possible prices."

The Wishbook. Last week Wood and Sears passed another notable milestone. Sears sent out the biggest spring and summer catalogue (1,298 pages) in its history to the biggest mailing list in ten years (7,200,000). Each catalogue was crammed with 100,000 items, at prices down an average of 31% from last fall.

Sears' catalogue has been known on farms for half a century as the *Wishbook*, or the farmer's best friend. A scrapbook of America, it has mirrored the country's changing manners and habits. In the early days, Sears' ultimate in sophistication was a solid gold toothpick with ear spoon combined, its recommendation for an evening's entertainment a stereoscope with "twelve splendid views portraying in the most vivid manner the story of our Savior's life before & after Crucifixion." Sickly Sears customers were urged to wear a "Heidelberg Electric Belt" for nervous diseases, headaches or backaches. There were "liquor cures" (i.e., knockout drops), and Sears' remedy for the "morphine and opium" habit. Pajamas were first carried for men only and its rouge would "never be noticed."

Eyelashes & Hors d'Oeuvres. The 1952 spring and summer catalogue still offers such farm necessities as horse collars, castration clamps and animal feed (now reinforced with antibiotics). But there is also a choice of hors d'oeuvres dishes, television lamps and artificial eyelashes. The flamboyant old descriptions ("Astonishing Offer," "Biggest Bargain Ever," "The Best Cream Separator made in the World") have been toned down, and patent medicines virtually abolished. Instead of ads for rubber and celluloid collars and mustache cups, there are now lists of lipstick, perfume and hormone creams—plus 37 pages of foundation garments ("I dreamed I went shopping at Sears for more Maidenform bras"). Most expensive item: diamonds (up to \$1,705) —on the cheaper rings, "magic reflector settings make diamonds seem larger."

The customers who pore over the cata-

* The top five: General Motors, American Telephone & Telegraph Co., Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., Standard Oil (N.J.), U.S. Steel.



Calvin Potts

WOOD & WIFE (RIGHT, HOLDING CHILD) WITH FAMILY
Three daughters won their minks.

rate of production as anybody else. Thus, many civilian-goods makers will still have enough materials to turn out almost 50% of their pre-Korea output.

There were signs last week that automakers may do even better. Automakers, who had been among the hardest hit by the cutbacks, last week found that many types of steel had suddenly become abundant. Although they had originally been promised only enough metals to turn out 800,000 cars in the second quarter, it now looked as if they would meet their "permissible" DPA quota of 930,000 cars and trucks.

There were so few signs of other scarcities last week that wholesale and retail prices were slashed right & left. Wholesale prices are now 5% below their level of a year ago.

The OPS has set up a commission to study the whole price situation to see what controls can be removed. Actually, prices are decontrolling themselves so fast that many ceilings are meaningless.

merchandisers pulled in their horns in fear of the "inevitable" postwar recession, Wood launched the greatest expansion in merchandising history. He blueprinted the spending of \$300 million out of earnings to open 92 new Sears stores in the U.S. and Latin America, and enlarged and shifted the locations of 212 more. If the recession had come, Sears would have been in deep trouble. But Wood's faith in the expanding American economy—aided by the backlog of demand for goods built up during World War II—was more than justified. Last year Sears sold \$2,777,277,096 worth of goods, more than twice as much as its closest rival, Montgomery Ward. Its estimated net profit was \$113 million. Sears is now the sixth biggest corporation, in dollar volume of sales, in

* Wood has his own way of encouraging national expansion. He promised each of his four daughters a mink coat when she had her third child. To date, three of the daughters have collected. Wood has 15 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.



OLD ADS FROM THE CATALOGUE

Also a solid gold toothpick with ear spoon combined.

logue have changed as much as the ads. Now city folk account for 64% of Sears' mail-order sales, and the company runs a 24-hour telephone service in four cities to take orders.

Air for Sale. The man who started cataloging this cavalcade of America was Richard Warren Sears, a tall and dark promoter who, in the words of one admiring contemporary, "could sell a breath of air." Sears was a railroad telegrapher in tiny North Redwood, Minn., in the '80s—a time when shady manufacturers unloaded their stocks by shipping them C.O.D. to unsuspecting small-town merchants, then offered them cut-rate prices "to avoid return shipping costs." When a shipment of men's "yellow watches," hunting-case type, and gold-filled (value of the gold: 27¢) was refused by a local merchant, Sears got them for \$12 apiece and sold them for \$14. In six months Sears, then 22, cleared \$5,000, moved to Minneapolis and then on to the rail center of Chicago, and started a mail-order business.

Before long, so many defective watches were returned that Sears advertised for a repairman. Alvah Curtis Roebuck, 23, who had been earning \$3.50 a week fixing watches in the corner of a delicatessen shop in Hammond, Ind., got the job. In 1891, Sears set up a partnership with Roebuck (Sears kept two-thirds control) and rapidly expanded sales by filling his catalogue with every come-on known to the sharp retailers of the day.

"Send No Money." "FREE, FREE, FREE!" cried Sears' catalogue in big bold letters—then added, in small type at the bottom of the page: "to see and examine at the Express office." Once he advertised a sofa and two chairs for 95¢; buyers were flabbergasted to get doll's furniture.

Despite such tricks, Sears, Roebuck built a solid reputation for supplying high-quality goods at low prices. Its cream

separators sold for \$39.50 to \$125 for competing brands. A farmer could buy a Sunday suit for \$4.98, a couch for \$5.45, a stove for \$11.96, a six-room house ("machine-made, ready-cut") for \$972, and a "single dog power churn" for \$14.70. Sears was indeed the farmer's friend—to the end and sometimes beyond. Once a woman returned some medicine intended for her husband, because he had died before it arrived. By return mail she received Sears' condolences—along with "our special tombstone catalogue."

Sears' rapid rise brought down the wrath of local merchants. They offered prizes to those who collected the most Sears catalogues, and then made public bonfires of them in village squares. They spread rumors that Sears' watches were not only half price, but would also run twice as fast as a good watch.

The Swagger Suit. Richard Sears got into other troubles. Because he neglected his supply department, he was often unable to fill orders for merchandise he had advertised. Once, he angrily dumped a bundle of unfilled orders into the stove. Another time he impulsively advertised a "swagger suit" which he had admired in a Chicago department-store ad. When 5,000 orders poured in, he frantically looked for someone to make it. The man who helped Sears fill the orders was Julius Rosenwald, a small clothing manufacturer, who soon became one of the company's big suppliers.

Rosenwald came to the rescue again in 1895. The company was floundering and Alvah Roebuck, tired of the whirlwind, sold out to Sears for \$25,000. Rosenwald

Roebuck went on to develop the Woodstock typewriter, and later started his own movie projector company, sold out for \$150,000 but lost his money in Florida real estate. He returned to Sears in 1933, at \$5,000 a year, and toured the nation as a glorified publicity man until 1940, when he retired to California. He died, eight years later, at the age of 84.

canceled some of Sears' debts to him and became a partner. He used his financial and merchandising talents to start putting Sears on its feet, and raised \$40 million for expansion in a public stock issue. Then Rosenwald and Sears quarreled over Sears' selling methods. Rosenwald won out, and in 1908, Sears sold out his interest for \$10 million to Goldman, Sachs, investment bankers. Sears retired and died six years later.

Under Rosenwald's guidance, Sears, Roebuck became a less flamboyant but far more prosperous company. Rosenwald made it a rule that the advertising copy should accurately describe the merchandise, laid down rigid standards for suppliers, set up his own testing bureau and started factories to make goods he couldn't buy. By 1919 sales were up to \$258 million.

In 1921, during the disastrous postwar farm price break, Rosenwald saved Sears by lending it \$21 million in cash & pledges to tide it over. He made another big contribution to the company's future three years later. That was when he hired General Robert Wood, who had started on a merchandising career at Montgomery Ward.

Old-Fashioned Pioneer. Bob Wood runs his far-flung empire and 199,700 employees with furious energy. He stores away facts like an electronic thinker and concentrates on problems with the intensity of a stargazer. When concentrating, he often pops caramels into his mouth without thinking to take off the wrappers, has been known to eat the paper frills off lamb chops. Once, in a comparatively relaxed mood, Wood was playing cards with his son when the carpet caught fire from a live coal. Wood never noticed the flames, though they were right before his eyes.

On lightning trips around his empire, he thinks nothing of flying 7,000 miles in four days, starting his sessions with Sears



MODERN STORES: COMPTON, CALIF., MONTERREY, MEXICO, CHARLOTTE, N.C.

None for Europe, more for Latin America.

Stone Age Twine-Twister



can U. S. users be sure?

A camera-toting tourist might paste this picture in his album beside a note: "Colorful native twine-twister."

A harassed farmer, working his baler from dawn to dark to get his hay crop in, might add a few scathing comments to that note if he thought he had to depend on twine made like this.

For the farmer, like all American users of rope and twine, has come to rely on the U. S. cordage industry to build quality as well as integrity into its products. Cordage products made to the exacting standards set by the U. S. cordage industry mean the user, whether he be farmer, fisherman or fair-weather sailor, can be sure of that piece of twisted fiber to which he ties his life, his job or his fortune.

Quality control . . . Uniformity of product . . . Laboratory research . . . Development of product . . .

. . . through its unrelenting watchfulness over the products it sells, the U. S. cordage industry has quietly gone about building a reputation in nearly every branch of the nation's economy for giving more quality than the customer expects.

*Presented in behalf of
the U. S. Cordage Industry by*

**Plymouth Cordage Company
Plymouth, Massachusetts**

store managers at 5:45 a.m. sharp, and whirling through stores, speeches, conferences, until everyone else is ready to drop. His clothes are often rumpled, his shoes unshined, his collar open and his tie askew. He wears a battered hat atop his silvery head and a topcoat that looks as if it came off the pile at Sears—which it did. He munches, instead of smokes, cigarettes. Despite his breakneck pace, Wood is still pink-cheeked and healthy; his 180 lb., 5 ft. 9½ in. frame is tough as rawhide. His simple formula: "A good night's sleep, a good appetite and sound elimination are a man's chief concern."

His GHQ is a small office in Sears' block-long home in Chicago, which, in 1905, when it was opened, was the "world's largest office building." Wood still uses the same walnut desk that Rosenwald used, sits in the same leather chair, keeps extra papers in another traditional roltop desk in the corner. But there is nothing old-fashioned about Wood's business philosophy; he runs Sears "in terms of the democratic spirit." Says Wood: "We put our faith in men, not systems. I like to let a man learn by making a few mistakes, as long as they don't cost too much."

Wood's conferences with his department heads seldom last more than five minutes and Wood often ends them abruptly by standing up. From his memory he can summon facts & figures on Sears' operation 20 years ago, and he expects his subordinates to do the same. His opinions are strong, but they can be changed if enough facts are marshaled against him. "To get along with the general," says one lieutenant, "you don't have to be supine. He doesn't like that. But it helps to be flexible." He is brisk but not brusque. Once, at an evening meeting, a lawyer handed Wood a complicated report on a project. Wood leafed through it in a matter of seconds, then mumbled that they'd better get started on a game of bridge. Next day, when Wood was asked why he hadn't even read the report, he said in honest surprise, "Why, I've already taken care of the matter."

On another occasion, Senator William Benton, then a vice president of the University of Chicago, had lunch with Wood to try to persuade him to turn over Sears' *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (which Sears bought in 1920) to the university as a philanthropic gesture. When Wood didn't say anything, Benton thought his persistence had annoyed the general. After lunch, as he was getting into his car, Wood drew back and said: "All right." (The gift has since earned some \$2,000,000 in royalties for the university.)

Wood doesn't believe that "one fellow or a small group of fellows can envision the problems of the whole country and make all the decisions at the top level." He has divided Sears' empire into five satrapies and put a vice president in charge of each. Day-to-day operating problems are left entirely to store managers. They plan their own advertising, price their own goods, pick what they want from Sears' vast supplies. They run their own show—as long as they are get-



RICHARD SEARS
He could sell a breath of air.

ting results. The general can quickly tell when they aren't; each store turns in a monthly box score. As one top aide explained: "The general learned that wet-nursing isn't what develops merchants—and merchants are what he wants in his stores."

"Artillery, Charge!" Wood concentrates just as hard in his off hours, whether at bridge (10¢ a point), hunting, riding, or reading in his 14-room white brick house in suburban Lake Forest. A voracious reader, he races through three or four volumes a week, mostly history and biography. For years he took an early-morning canter on his chestnut-colored Arabian horse Kebar, but has recently been forced to take up golf because all his



ALVA H. ROEBUCK
He tired of the whirlwind.

friends "got too old" to ride. A hunter who used to go after mountain goats, moose and grizzlies, he now limits himself to smaller game such as pheasant and quail. He gets a lot of excitement out of it. When the birds rise, the general is likely to shoot all over the lot, yelling, "Artillery on the left flank, charge!" Farmers who let him hunt on their property are often rewarded; their children get a choice of toys from the Sears catalogue.

Wood's generosity to his own family goes far beyond the covers of the catalogue. He has already given his wife, children, grandchildren and great-granddaughter 57,000 shares of Sears stock, now owns only 52,000 shares himself (worth about \$2,800,000).*

"Awful Discipline." Wood's vigorous way of life is the result of a rigorous youth. Born in Kansas City, Mo. in 1879, he was the first of five children of Robert Whitney Wood, an ex-Union Army captain who settled down to run a coal and ice business. When he was 16, Wood was so small (5' 4") that his father gave him \$10, sent him off to earn his living and toughen up. After nearly a year with a railroad surveying gang in Texas, Wood returned to Kansas City and won a competitive examination for West Point.

At first, he didn't like the Point, and still recalls that "the discipline was awful." He was among the smallest in his class, and perhaps the sloppiest cadet the Point had ever seen. Once, when the cadets were ordered to wear side arms to chapel, Wood forgetfully marched in with a rifle. Another time, he showed up for guard duty with his shirttail hanging out, and was saved by a friend who threw a raincoat around him. Eventually he put on enough muscle and height so that he was twice selected to represent his class in bare-knuckle bouts with plebes. According to the code of the Point, the plebes could escape hazing if they won. Wood licked both his plebes. He graduated 13th in a class of 54, and was shipped off to the Philippines as a cavalry lieutenant in charge of 100 men and horses, to help clean up Aguinaldo's *insurrectos*.

After the job was done, he was sent to a fort in Montana, later was ordered to the Point as an instructor. But life there was too dull. Wood was about to start on the Panama Canal, and Wood, scenting excitement and opportunity, got himself shifted to the job. A week after he arrived, yellow fever downed most of the Canal Commission's top men. Lieut. Wood, then 26, who had "no idea of letting myself come down with yellow fever," was put in charge of several hundred men to build barracks for 10,000 laborers.

First Ideas. When General George Washington Goethals was put in charge of the canal project in 1907, he made Wood a captain and boss of all recruiting, housing, and distribution of labor. Later Goethals gave him the job of requisition & purchase of supplies. He had to make good. "The day we run out of cement,"

What good is \$500?



"Sure, I'd like to invest. Who wouldn't? But I'm no millionaire. I do manage to save a little, sure. Maybe \$40 or \$50 a month over and above what I need for living expenses, insurance, and emergencies. But the most I could spare right now is \$500—and what good is that? You can't get rich on a couple of shares of stock, so I guess I'll just have to wait . . ."

And that's how it goes with thousands of people each year who could start on a sound investment program — but don't. And that's too bad.

Why? Well, for one thing, \$500 buys a lot more than you probably think. You see, stock values don't always depend on price. A stock selling at \$40 a share, for instance, can easily be as good a buy as one selling at \$80—often a better buy.

As a matter of fact, \$40 a share is just about the average price of all the 1,054 common stocks traded on the New York Stock Exchange. So on the basis of that average, your \$500 would buy at least 12 shares of stock, and you'd be entitled to whatever dividend was paid on those shares.

How much would that be? That's hard to say. We could point out that last year 9 out of 10 of those stocks paid dividends that averaged over 6%, but that's no guarantee for next year or the year after that. The same thing is true of stock prices. They can go up or they can go down in any given year.

But investing is a long-term business, and on that basis it's good business for any man with extra dollars—a good business to begin at any time.

Why? Well look around you. Look how American business has grown in 10 years, 20 years, 50 years. That's why investors—the stockholders who own American business—have prospered.

Yes, we think investing is always good business. But it's better business for the investor who selects stocks or bonds carefully—on the basis of facts and information, not rumor or tips.

And that's where we may be of help to you. Tell us about your situation, and we'll tell you, without any obligation, what we think makes the best kind of an investment program for you, whether you already own securities or not. Just write—in confidence, of course, to . . .

Department S-6

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

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* The Rosenwald family holdings in Sears have dwindled to 4%.



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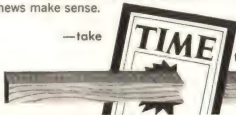
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Big news breaks fast ...
breaks into pieces. A story is one way today,
another way tomorrow ... a new angle every day.

But each week **TIME** digs up new facts,
adds essential background, brings the scattered pieces together,
edits the news into a quick, clear story that makes
the news make sense.

—take



to get it STRAIGHT

grew General Goethals, "you're fired." Wood drove his men as hard as himself, and got a reputation for never speaking to a man except to fire him. He worked such long hours that "everything I've done since has seemed easy." He also learned a lot. "The commissaries," says he, "were actually a chain of small department stores. My first ideas of the nature and problems of mass purchasing came from that experience."

Wood took time off to hustle to Manhattan and marry Mary Butler Hardwick, a Southern belle who had shocked her family by moving north to become a nurse. "I took her straight from the rectory of St. Thomas," says Wood, "to a jungle-edge birdcage house at Culebra."

When the canal was finished, Major Wood—and other canal officers—were rewarded by Congress; they were permitted to retire at three-quarter pay. Wood got



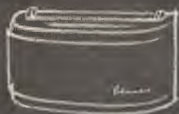
International

Julius Rosenwald
Less flamboyant, more prosperous.

a job with Du Pont at \$6,000 a year, and within five months was making \$9,000. But he quit then anyway, explaining to Pierre du Pont that "there are so many of you able people around at the top, it will be too long before there's room for me."

"Profound Contempt." When the U.S. entered World War I, Wood signed up, sailed with the Rainbow Division under Douglas MacArthur, who was chief of staff and is still a close friend. Before long, Wood was ordered from France to Washington as acting quartermaster general, and promoted to brigadier general. In a short time, he reorganized the chaotic Army procurement. At war's end, Julius Thorne, a Wood aide who in civilian life was president of Montgomery Ward, took the general back there with him.

As general merchandise manager for Ward, Wood spent the first few months merely asking questions. "It was an uncomfortably long time," he says, "before I ran into a young man who could answer



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Self Contained Air Conditioner



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Therefore, when you deal with Carrier you have available the widest range of equipment that is made. You can get whatever it takes to solve your particular problem.

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Heater or headlights... it can be a gamble when the knobs are all a-slant. United-Carr's handsome new control knob, however, has a separate inside core, stamped for identification and internally slotted to interlock with the end of the control shaft in a level position. The knob's outer shell is threaded, screws onto the shaft, won't shake or pull loose. Result: all knobs on the dashboard stay straight, level and readable.

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MAKERS OF **DOT** FASTENERS



WOOD AT WEST POINT
A rifle in church; a shirttail in the breeze.

straightaway, just like that, and with figures to support his answers." The young man was 24-year-old Theodore Houser, a merchandise controller; Wood made him his assistant. As a team, Wood and Houser concentrated on the tire division. In five years, sales increased tenfold, to twice as many tires as Sears, their arch-competitor.

In the recession of 1920-21, when Ward was caught with top-heavy inventories, Wood found a way out. He persuaded the management to open retail stores, and within a year cleared out the inventories. That was enough to convince Wood that the real future for mail-order houses lay in expanding into the retail field. But Ward's management couldn't see it. "[They] regarded the retail outlets as funnels through which to drop the lemons from the mail-order inventory," Wood says. "I'm afraid I developed a profound contempt for [them]." Apparently, the contempt was mutual. In 1924, Wood was fired.

From \$30,000 to \$300,000. Julius Rosenwald, whom Wood had met in wartime Washington, promptly grabbed him. At Ward, Wood had been making \$30,000 a year; at Sears, his salary and bonuses as vice president soon totaled \$300,000. But Wood was not satisfied; he wanted to revolutionize Sears so that it could mesh gears with the revolution the auto had brought to the U.S. "Imagine it!" he says. "The country was filled with talk about the automobile, Henry Ford was making shopping mobile, yet not a single retailer saw what the impact of the automobile would be." Wood persuaded Rosenwald to open stores along the main highways of the nation and in the cities and states where Wood's census studies showed there would be the biggest increases in population.

The stores were a success from the start. As a reward, Wood was made Sears' president in 1928. He opened more stores, and by 1931 Sears' store sales topped its mail-order business.

Key to Success. Wood then built up the strong central buying system from 20,000 suppliers which is the core of Sears' operation and the key to its mass-merchandising success. He bought control or

stock interest in 95 companies to get the goods he wanted at the prices he wanted. This bulk buying at lower prices gives Sears an average net profit of 6% on sales v. 3% for most department stores.

In the '20s, small companies had justly complained that the take-it-or-leave-it attitude of big mail-order houses was squeezing them out of business. Wood went to work to correct this. He encouraged small companies to become Sears suppliers. "Squeeze a producer," says General Wood, "and he'll take it out on the product. But help him... and the result is not only advantageous to the distributor but advantageous to the most important person in the picture, the consumer."

He set up a 200-man technical laboratory to help suppliers, hired industrial designers to improve products, spent millions redesigning products and helping manufacturers produce them. For example, a small slip-cover manufacturer didn't have enough money to buy his raw materials when prices were low and deliver the big volume Sears wanted (Sears does 20% of all U.S. slip-cover business). Sears volunteered to purchase raw materials for the supplier and store them, charging him only as he needed the materials. Later, Sears helped the manufacturer find a new plant in a small town and recruit a work force of 75, laid out year-round production schedules for him, and gave him a five-year-purchase contract which was enough to get him a bank loan to finance the new plant. Sears profits by such deals by getting low-cost goods made to its own specifications at bottom prices.

Every Man a Capitalist. Sears does more than help small capitalists. Says Wood: "The best way to make capitalism work is to make more capitalists. That's what we're doing at Sears." In the low-paying retailing industry, Sears pays clerks an average of \$60 a week, considerably above the retail average. But the real device for making capitalists is Sears' profit-sharing plan, which was started by Rosenwald in 1916 and has become the wonder of the pension world. Thousands of Sears employees have retired with



How to Find a Tax Reduction in your Warehouse

Smart companies are saving thousands of dollars this way

ONE LARGE CORPORATION which recently converted to airfreight found they were able to eliminate a key warehouse and thus avoid almost all taxes in a high-tax state. Other firms have found that using airfreight enabled them to reduce inventories on hand in warehouses and hence pay thousands of dollars less each year in state franchise taxes.

But reducing taxes is only one of many ways in which airfreight can lower your over-all cost of doing

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Because airfreight does touch on so many facets of your operation, its consideration is a management responsibility. Wire us *collect* and we'll have an American Airlines representative call on you to show you how this modern distribution method can create substantial savings for your company, as it has for others. American Airlines, Cargo Sales Division, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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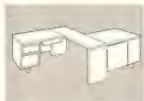
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small fortunes. Sample: a woman clerk who never made more than \$3,900 a year and contributed only \$3,400 to the retirement fund in 35 years retired last year with \$117,580 in cash and securities.

Since the fund began, employee and company contributions and earnings have totaled \$377 million. Currently, 80% of the fund is invested in Sears stock, of which it holds by far the biggest block. In effect, the employees, through their trustees, have working control of the company. Outside pension experts sometimes view this with alarm; if Sears goes broke, the employees would lose heavily though cash and Government bonds protect the employees' own contributions. But Wood thinks that it makes employees work hard for Sears, and is thus the best insurance against the company's going broke.

Wood's policy of promoting from within the company has also boosted morale



Theodore—Picture House, Inc.
VICE PRESIDENT HOUSER
The man with the answers.

and given Sears a strong team ready to run the company when he retires. The two top men: 1) Fowler McConnell, 57, a University of Chicago graduate who joined Sears as a stock boy in 1916, worked his way up through both the mail-order and retail ends of the business, and has been president since 1946; and 2) Merchandising Vice President Theodore Houser, now 57, Wood's old assistant at Montgomery Ward, who moved to Sears when Wood became president and is regarded by him as "the greatest master of mass merchandising in the U.S."

Southward Ho. For all his business statesmanship, General Wood has not shown the same insight and judgment in political ventures. As boss of the America First Committee in the early days of World War II, Wood gathered together some sincere men who thought they could keep the U.S. out of the war. But the committee also attracted a rag, tag & bobtail of anti-Semites, pro-Nazis and others



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As makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years, and as makers of the only shaving preparations containing EXTRACT OF LANOLIN, we know there's not a better brushless preparation on the market. Get a tube today, and see for yourself. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

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CAR FOR WIVES (1935 SAUD MODEL)
No peeking.

United Press

whom Wood now sadly recalls as "crackpots." Since those days, Wood has tempered his economic nationalism and is no longer sure that the Americas can let the rest of the world go hang. He is still a bear on Europe. He thinks Europe is about finished unless it exports "10,000,000 or 15,000,000 people." For that reason Sears expansion plans call for no stores there.

But he is a roaring bull on Latin America, where he has spent \$24 million exporting Sears' own methods of production and distribution, to the benefit of the masses. In Mexico, where Sears opened its first store in 1947, the company has freely lent money and technical advice to encourage manufacturing, and now buys 80% of its merchandise locally. In Venezuela, where it found few manufacturers geared to its high volume and rigid specifications when it opened its first store two years ago, Sears now buys 30% of its goods. In Brazil, Sears lost money in 1950 but last year Wood said it made a "nice profit." In the whole Latin American operation Sears expects to make \$5,000,000 this year.

Throughout Latin America, Sears' policy is to hire and train local workers; in Mexico only 14 of its 2,000 employees are North Americans. "All we want is loyalty, honesty and hard work," says Sears' Venezuelan boss. "We'll teach them the rest." One thing that Sears has already taught its competitors in Latin America is the basic tenet of all U.S. retailers—big volume, not high markups, is the key to profits. And Sears stores have already caused general price reductions in their localities.

Next week Wood will take off for Latin America to open two new stores in Venezuela, and check up on plans for Sears' first store in Colombia. Next month, in Chicago, Sears will open its biggest post-war store, a \$4,000,000 air-conditioned building with a supermarket and a 1,000-car parking lot.

When Sears finishes its expansion program in Latin America and the U.S., Wood will probably be ready with new plans. A business, he likes to say, is like a man; when it stops moving it dies. No one thinks that General Wood or Sears will stop moving—not while the diaper market is growing the way it is.

AUTOS

Harem on Wheels

Saudi Arabia's polygamous old King Ibn Saud takes good care of his wives, both past & present. Last week a Cincinnati hearse manufacturer showed off a new \$250,000 present the King is buying for his four present and some 120 former wives—20 new Cadillacs with custom-built bodies to make them desertproof and peekproof. The King will use them to carry his wives between the twin capitals of Riyadh and Mecca. Each car has six doors, accommodates six wives (plus chauffeur and attendant), has electric fans, special windows so the women can see out but no one can see in. For himself, Ibn Saud is getting a \$20,000 mahogany-paneled trailer from Tulsa, Okla., which has a throne room, a bedroom (with a 5-by-7-ft. bed) and an elevator to load & unload the King in his wheelchair.

GOVERNMENT

A Prod from Truman

After President Truman nominated Harry A. McDonald, a Republican, to succeed W. Stuart Symington as RFC boss, the Senate banking committee refused to approve him. Reason: a House committee was investigating the Securities & Exchange Commission, which McDonald has headed since 1949. Senators were also worried about reports that three SEC officials, who had resigned, had later turned up as counsel in cases before the SEC.

Last week the President angrily said that if McDonald were not approved, he would not appoint anyone else; he would run the RFC himself. Thus prodded, the House committee quickly finished its probe. At week's end, as Symington resigned his post, the committee cleared McDonald. There was no credible evidence, it said, "reflecting adversely upon [his] honesty and integrity." With that out of the way, it looked as if the Senate committee would approve McDonald this week.

One of Symington's first jobs when he took over the scandal-ridden RFC last



STEEL SALESMEN AT WORK IN WORLD'S BIGGEST SCRAP HUNT

1. TO KEEP the constantly growing steel mills supplied with scrap, 334 local task forces have been organized by the makers and distributors of steel. They help persuade industry, farmers and local government people to part with obsolete machines, structures and equipment. 34½ million gross tons of purchased scrap were needed in 1951. Even more will be needed this year.



2. MILES OF STREETS, thousands of factories, shops, farms and storage yards are being covered regularly by approximately 9,000 steel salesmen, in their campaign to feed their growing mills. Machines, structures and equipment of doubtful value (that can be scrapped) are their goal.



3. "A YEAR without earning its keep should put any machine on the scrap list," a member of a local Scrap Hunt Committee tells plant engineer (above) ... One plant cleared 10,000 feet of valuable space by organizing to get rid of "doubtful value" equipment.

4. YOU CAN SCRAP HUNT, TOO. If you own, or manage a farm, shop or factory and want to organize a scrap appraisal plan, your local Scrap Mobilization Committee will help you. Your local Chamber of Commerce will put you in touch with the committee. American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

Teamwork . . .

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spring was to probe the RFC's \$80 million loan to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Earlier, New Hampshire's Senator Charles Tobey had charged that there was "fraud and collusion" between RFC and railroad officials in the granting of the 1944 loan. Last week Joseph J. Smith Jr., Symington's special investigator and one-time government attorney, turned in his report. Smith's conclusion: "There was no fraud, collusion or illegality involved . . . The RFC would probably have received more favorable treatment [in the repayment of the loan] if it had so in-



Associated Press
SEC's HARRY A. McDONALD
Solved by Truman's anger.

sisted. If the RFC was in error in failing to demand more favorable treatment, however, its error was, at most, an error of judgment . . ." Snapped Senator Tobey: "I spoke the truth."

INSURANCE

Peace for Prudential

Three months ago more than 7,500 Prudential Insurance Co. "industrial" agents walked out in the first major strike of U.S. insurance agents and the biggest "white-collar" strike in U.S. labor history. The strikers, whose work included selling and collecting premiums on industrial policies (i.e., insurance paid for in small weekly or monthly installments), complained of overwork and underpay. During the strike, they threw as many as 1,000 pickets around the company's Newark (N.J.) headquarters.

This week, after 139 days of bargaining and Federal mediation, the company and the A.F.L. Insurance Agents' International Union reached an agreement which the strikers must still ratify. Its terms: an average pay increase of \$5.45 a week compared to the astronomical \$75 a week originally demanded. The new average earnings: \$116.15 a week including commissions.



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Proud Soul v. Humble Soul

ADVENTURES IN TWO WORLDS [331 pp.]
—A. J. Cronin—McGraw-Hill (\$4).

Archibald Joseph Cronin (*Hatter's Castle*, *The Citadel*, *The Keys of the Kingdom*) is a zealous Scots Catholic who is never happier than when he is drawing moral conclusions from immoral behavior. But until he was 34, Cronin suppressed his urge to self-expression and buried himself in the "sensible . . . safe and practical" pursuit of medicine. The result was just the opposite of what Dr. Cronin had hoped it would be: the more patients he attended, the more he "kept thinking . . . what stories I could make of them."

Adventures in Two Worlds is a selection of such stories. All of them are true, most are charged with a strong dose of moral philosophy, and most read as easily as Author Cronin's best fiction. They also constitute the autobiographical confessions of a man who, like a true Scot, has always combined a passion for material success with a deep distrust of the pride of spirit that often comes with it.

"What Money Can't Buy," Cronin was bone poor when he attended the University of Glasgow Medical School after World War I (in which he served with a destroyer patrol). But he was all set to "work, work, work . . . live on air, sleep in the park, sing in the streets, do anything . . . to enable me to take my doctor's degree." Proud of "my critical faculties," adept in finding "objections to the immortality of the individual soul," Cronin was nonetheless "too much of a coward" to be an avowed atheist, too much of a fighter to settle into the rut of tame agnosticism. So he did his best to keep faith and skepticism in separate compartments.

Right from the start, Cronin formed the two-sided habit of proudly sticking out his neck and humbly accepting the spiritual chastisement that invariably followed. His pride took a sharp beating in his very first job, in the clinic of a lunatic asylum: he was nearly strangled to death by a patient whom he had urged the superintendent to release as "such a decent chap." It took another beating at the hands of the crusty old general practitioner who took him on as an assistant and harnessed him mercilessly to the back-breaking round of rural practice.

Cronin recognized the value of this arduous work, but when a shrewd Scotsman from whose throat he had neatly extracted a herring bone gave him a stock-market tip, he was dazzled by the chance to get rich quick. Plunking down his hard-earned savings of £100, he saw them swell miraculously to £1,000 in a few days. But he was out on the moors, delivering a baby, when his stock crashed, leaving him £7. Cronin decided that he had learned another priceless lesson; he dug into his pocket to buy the newborn baby a silver mug, inscribed with the youngster's name and the words, "What money can't buy."

"A Great Rogue." For some years he struggled to make both ends meet, practicing with small profit first in Welsh mining towns, then in a shabby London street. But almost overnight, his luck turned. He was called in, purely for emergency reasons, to attend a wealthy patient, and in her wake came an avalanche of Mayfair clients who filled his purse with a "golden stream." Unlike his Scottish and Welsh patients, many of these newcomers were merely "idle, spoiled and neurotic," but young Dr. Cronin was too thrilled by success to care much about that ("I was, I assure you, a great rogue at this period"). For these new patients he invented an ailment named "asthenia" ("which means no more than weakness or general debility"), and soon his anti-asthenia injections were



A. J. CRONIN
Mayfair loved the needle.

the toast of the town. "Again and yet again my sharp and shining needle sank into fashionable buttocks, bared upon the finest linen sheets. I became expert, indeed superlative, in the art of penetrating the worst end of the best society."

But it was not long before Cronin's Scottish conscience began to ride him horribly. Against his swollen bankbook he could posit nothing, on the moral side, except occasional free work and the persuading of "two errant wives to return to their long-suffering husbands." Along with the plaguey conscience came an equally debilitating ulcer. Cronin decided it was time for him to clean house. He sold his rich practice, rented a lonely farmhouse in Scotland, and settled down to write a heartfelt novel about "the tragic record of a man's egotism and bitter pride."

Bomb of Love. The novel was *Hatter's Castle*. It was the first time Dr. Cronin had ever written anything except "prescriptions and scientific papers," and he

thumped it out in the same mood of mingled desperation and "sheer willpower" that he had felt as a struggling medical student. *Hatter's Castle* was a labor of love and spiritual rejuvenation—and it hit the bestseller lists like a bomb. In no time, Author Cronin found himself richer and more fashionable than he had been at the height of his asthenic heyday. And the more he wrote, the more the money poured in, filling his proud soul with joy, his humble soul with horror.

The climax came when he found himself the star guest at the Lord Mayor of London's Guildhall banquet, pumping out, to roars of well-fed applause, an oration on "the virtues of patriotism, religion, and motherhood." "I knew . . . I was behaving like a mountebank . . . I saw myself as completely insincere . . . And more, I began dimly to discern how much attention I had paid to the wrong things in life, and how little to the right."

Today, at 55, Author Cronin (who now lives in Connecticut) is at peace with himself. His experiences as a physician, and the habit of reflection, have helped him to settle the conflict that existed in separate compartments of his youthful mind: "No matter how we try to escape, to lose ourselves in restless seeking, we cannot separate ourselves from our divine source. There is no substitute for God." Author Cronin's publishers, probably estimating correctly the appeal that these autobiographical tales will have, ordered a huge first-publication press-run of 75,000 copies.

Collector's Items

GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT [217 pp.]—
Louis Kronenberger—Viking (\$3).

Gordon Cary, 48, had everything money could buy. And why not? He was the richest man in the world (worth \$9 billion), and he had a passion for collecting.

He had begun, naturally, with Old Masters, but the supply was strictly limited. So he went ahead with Gutenberg Bibles, racehorses, Stradivariuses, snuffboxes, stained glass, milk glass, Waterford glass and Venetian glass. He owned four spas, half of Chicago, an inland sea and a buffer state. The trouble was that Gordon's collecting interests quickly flagged, and whenever they did, his personality turned sour. At such times, he would stay slugged all day, spitefully jolting the market by dumping or buying, and making life difficult for his wife Isabel.

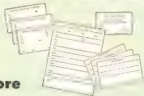
The psychiatrist was stumped, but Isabel made a suggestion. Perhaps Gordon would enjoy collecting—people? Gordon thought it a marvelous idea, and his agents throughout the world quickly set to work.

At this point in *Grand Right and Left*, complications start running wild. Gordon tried to collect Winston Churchill, but the old hero declined. ("Not," said Churchill, "for the present.") He did get three prime specimens: an English duke, a famous lady writer, and a flashy European diplomat. But all three had their flaws. The duke turned out to be a remarkably un-English fellow who had recently been work-



The champ... at wasting profits

The champ... at saving them



before

Above: 4 company forms that slowed work

after



This one Moore Speediset saves 3 typings

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PIONEERS IN BETTER TRANSPORTATION

ing at a part-time job addressing envelopes. The lady writer proved to be an inconvenient wisecracker. And the diplomat brought his slinky, good-looking niece with him. Soon Gordon was neglecting his collection in favor of the diplomat's niece, while the other celebrities hung around uselessly, and Isabel frowned in wifely worry. But Isabel took the situation in



LOUIS KRONENBERGER
Winston Churchill declined.

hand, routed the slinky number, and persuaded the richest man in the world that what he really wanted was a cruise with his wife.

It is entirely possible that Louis Kronenberger, critic, literary historian and theater editor of *TIME*, has tucked an urbane moral or two into this story of compulsive acquisitiveness. But the moral never bulges the story out of shape. In an age of lugubrious fiction, Author Kronenberger has produced a deft and witty little novel in the best tradition of high farce.

Old Dominion Casanova

QUIET, PLEASE (105 pp.)—James Branch Cabell—University of Florida Press (\$3).

Ignore an egotist and he is apt to become petulant. This is especially true if he is a writer. James Branch Cabell, novelist and egotist, is today largely ignored. What makes it even worse is that he was once the critics' darling, and for a while, in the '20s, the public's too. His comedown has been so complete that the petulance of his 53rd book, *Quiet, Please*, can be forgiven.

In the brief, informal essays of *Quiet, Please*, neglected Author Cabell airs his views on life, love and writing. Reflecting that "remarkably few persons" now read his books, that the critics are busy with "the transcendent merits of Francis X. Flubberdub and Gideon Gibberish," he reminds his readers that in the nation's



in pits and plants

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Guy Day Refrigeration, Ottumwa, sold and installed the equipment.



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ALL DRUG STORES in the BRIGHT RED package



Teletype SL 130

literary supplements he was once "spoken of with fervor, upon every Sunday morning, almost as often as Jehovah."

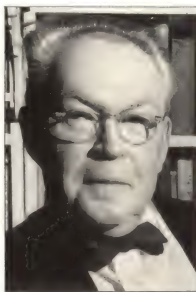
The Jurgen Cult. It took a while for Cabell to reach that eminence. He was born in 1879, a descendant of two of Virginia's first families. He dutifully went to William and Mary, then worked as a reporter in Richmond and New York and had a brief go at coal mining. Still in his early 20s, he settled down in his native Richmond to write elaborate historical romances. For 18 years, from 1901 to 1910, he published steadily but caused no great ripple. Then came *Jurgen*—John S. Sumner and his New York Society for the Prevention of Vice took one look at the novel and recoiled in shock.

Hero Jurgen, a paunchy pawnbroker of 40-odd, was dreaming his way back through the centuries as the lover of history's most desirable women. The fact that Jurgen eventually snapped out of his dream and accepted life with his shrewish wife, "poor dear," did not satisfy the vice hunters. Cabell's publisher was prosecuted and acquitted. The publicity made *Jurgen* one of the most avidly read books of the decade, and left Cabell the master of a cult.

One of the cultists was H. L. Mencken, who was caressed by Cabell's flossy style "as I am caressed by the tunes of Old Johannes Brahms." Another was Columbia's Carl Van Doren, to whom *Jurgen* was "as if a huge organ should burst into laughter." The cult is all but extinct, yet it dies hard. As late as 1949, a University of Washington professor assured his classes that since *Huckleberry Finn* only *Jurgen* among U.S. novels has a chance for immortality, and called *Jurgen's* last pages "as immortal as Beethoven's Fifth."

The State of Virginia. Cabell's novels were the result of two convictions he has never deserted: 1) that life is a tiresome bore whose reward is disillusionment, and 2) that the only way to make life bearable is to retreat into romantic dreams. He created an imaginary world called Poitescme which, in a score of novels, he peopled with medieval devotees of love, chivalry and gallantry. As for hard-won success on earth, Cabell saw "only the strivings of an ape reft of his tail and grown rusty at climbing, who has reeled blunderingly from mystery to mystery, with pathetic makeshifts, not understanding anything, greedy in all desires, and always honeycombed with poltroonery."

At 72, Author Cabell takes back none of this sophomoric estimate, but he cannot help confessing that some cheer breaks in on his misanthropy. With frankness and obvious satisfaction, he discusses his sex life and indulges in bland reveries on his numerous seductions. Fellow F.F.V.s who, he remembers, never bought his books will squirm at some of his recollections, if they ever hear about them. Remembers Cabell: "In practice, among the upper circles of the state of Virginia . . . a fair number of accessible young gentlemen whose social standing stayed unquestioned, whether as wives or as spinsters, were no whit averse to ex-



J. Carver Harris

JAMES BRANCH CABELL
Replaced by Gideon Gibberish.

trema amorous dalliance if only you took sane precautions . . ."

Writer Cabell is no reader these days. Sir Walter Scott, whom he once adored, he now rejects as "balderdash." And "even Shakespeare I find, nowadays, to be somewhat futile reading matter." As for writers in general, he offers a prescription and a characterization. The prescription: "A sufficiency, or rather, let us so name it, a glut, of love dealings, no matter whether they should turn out to be joyful or disastrous, will increase his power to write." The characterization: "All writers, even those who bask in the splendor of a 15th reprinting, remain mentally unbalanced." After a lifelong career blowing literary soap bubbles, Writer Cabell feels lucky to "sink, cackling thinly, into an amiable senescence."

Southern Variety

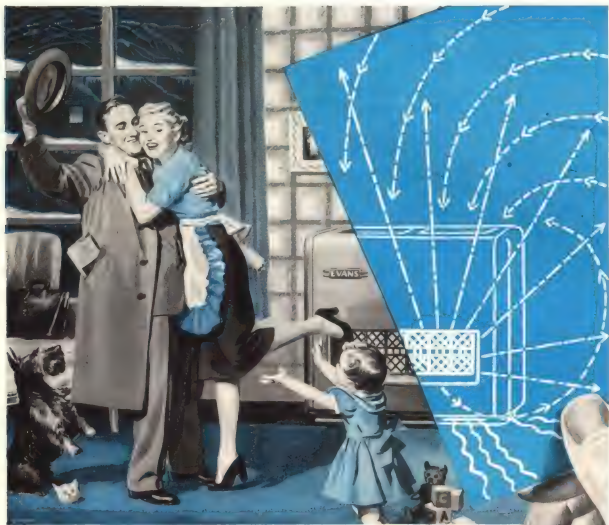
SEARCH FOR A HERO (312 pp.)—Thomas Hal Phillips—Rinehart (\$3).

GHOST AND FLESH (183 pp.)—William Goyen—Random House (\$2.75).

THE COURTING OF SUSIE BROWN (202 pp.)—Erskine Caldwell—Duell, Sloan & Pearce (\$3).

As usual, one of the leading exports of the busy South this season has been fiction. Last week there were three new books on the market, in three emphatically different styles, each with something to recommend it.

Search for a Hero, by Mississippian Thomas Hal Phillips, is the most successful. The hero, Don Meadows, is a quiet youngster who has long felt overshadowed by his football-playing brothers. Don's father doesn't think much of him either, and that is another reason Don volunteers for the Navy. Don survives training, battle and a wound, and goes back to his home town to find that the war hasn't changed his stay-at-home brothers very



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The driver's appreciation is best expressed in his own words: "*When a man is 1300 miles from home, his car wrecked, and one passenger in the hospital, he needs friends. I found such friends in your Company.*"

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Your local agent is constantly ready to serve you. Consult him as you would your doctor or lawyer. For the name of your nearest U.S.F. & G. agent, or for claim service in an emergency, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

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much, or himself either. He decides that the real battlefield of life is the self. At 29, Author Phillips knows how to work a vein of quiet realism for sense rather than sensation. *Search for a Hero* is his third novel, and though it may not be as engrossing as *The Golden Lie* (TIME, April 30, 1950), it shows an unusual gift for entering the lives of ordinary people. It is clearly the work of a writer who couldn't fake if he tried.

Ghost and Flesh, by 34-year-old William Goyen of Texas, is a collection of eight wispy stories of the haunted-South school. All the stories are gracefully written, and some of them break into prose poetry reminiscent of Thomas Wolfe. But they create a mood rather than people. Author Goyen writes chiefly about loneliness. "The world," he says, "is too big; we lose people in it." Wandering through the lyrical pages of *Ghost and Flesh* is a variety of lost and lonely souls, including such town oddities as "Old Mrs. Woman," whom nobody loved because she was too fat, "Little Figeon," an aging loony, and "Pore Ferrie," who died from grief because her adopted son did not love her. They fit through the book more ghost than flesh.

The Courting of Susie Brown contains 17 stories by Georgia's Erskine Caldwell, and the stories are at their best when Caldwell sticks to his happy flair for earthy comedy. The title piece, which deals with the courting customs of Southern Negroes, does this. So do two or three stories in which, for a change, Caldwell offers tongue-in-cheek reports on the cussedness of some Maine characters. Caldwell has less luck when he focuses on city people, and when he fumes with social indignation, the stories fall flat.

RECENT & READABLE

Trail Driving Days, by Dee Brown & Martin F. Schmitt. A first-class roundup of cow-country legends, thickly illustrated (TIME, Feb. 18).

The Duke of Gallodoro, by Aubrey Menen. Light sardonic about a reprobate Englishman, his sleepy Italian town, and the Mediterranean way of life (TIME, Feb. 18).

My Cousin Rachel, by Daphne du Maurier. An expert mixture of suspense and romantic hokum, set in the *Rebecca* country 100 or more years ago (TIME, Feb. 11).

I Led Three Lives, by Herbert Philbrick. Fascinating play-by-play account of Author Philbrick's nine years as an FBI counterspy in the Communist Party and some of its fronts (TIME, Feb. 11).

Awakening, by Jean-Baptiste Rossi. Attraction and love between an adolescent boy and a nun; a remarkable first novel by a French teen-ager (TIME, Feb. 4).

Nell Gwyn: Royal Mistress, by John H. Wilson. A brisk and scholarly biography of Charles II's famous doxy (TIME, Feb. 4).

The Confident Years (1885-1915), by Van Wyck Brooks. Fifth and concluding volume of Critic Brooks's guided tour of U.S. literature (TIME, Jan. 7).



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Westside Grade School, Springfield, Oregon. Architects—Wimpen & Endicott, Eugene, Oregon.

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the TIME News Quiz

(THIS TEST COVERS THE PERIOD LATE OCTOBER 1951 TO MID-FEBRUARY 1952)

Prepared by The Editors of TIME in collaboration with
Alvin C. Eurich and Elmo C. Wilson

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This test is to help TIME readers and their friends check their knowledge of current affairs. In recording answers, make no marks at all opposite questions. Use one of the answer sheets printed with the test: sheets for four persons are provided. After taking the test, check your replies against the correct answers printed on the last page of the test, entering the number of right answers as your score on the answer sheet.

FIVE CHOICES

For each of the 105 test questions, five possible answers are given. You are to select the correct answer and put its number on the answer sheet next to the number of that question. Example:

- | | | |
|----------------------|-------------|---------------|
| 0. Russia's boss is: | 3. Stalin. | 5. Stakhanov. |
| 1. Kerensky. | 4. Trotsky. | |
| 2. Lenin. | | |

Stalin, of course, is the correct answer. Since this question is numbered 0, the number 3 — standing for Stalin — has been placed at the right of 0 on the answer sheet.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

The President and Congress

1. John Q. Public clutched indignantly at his thinner-after-November wallet. Delaware's Senator John James Williams had prodded into public view:



1. An Administration decision to tax savings accounts.
2. The figures on the President's traveling expenses.
3. Corruption among Internal Revenue collectors.
4. Evidence on widespread counterfeiting activities.
5. A plan to increase the salaries of the already well-paid public schoolteachers.

2. Another handle for critics of the Administration: Flo Bratten, secretary to the "Veep," had apparently:



1. Cornered the bourbon market.
2. Helped get an RFC loan for a Miami Beach hotel.
3. Received a free trip to Korea.
4. Accepted a Texas oilman make a deal with the Navy.
5. Switched her brand to chinchilla.

3. Garrulous Theron Lamar Caudle, the influence peddlers' buddy, went down the drain, but the President left unchanged the status of his boss:

1. Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder.
2. Attorney General J. Howard McGrath.
3. Secretary of Labor Maurice J. Tobin.
4. Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer.
5. Postmaster General Jesse Donaldson.

4. Defense production was a national headache, too. General Hoyt S. Vandenberg's report on his return from Korea underlined the fact that we lag woefully behind the Communists in numbers of:

1. Jet aircraft.
2. Rifles.
3. Submarines.
4. Bazookas.
5. Winter clothing for the troops.



5. Some of the President's appointments ran into snags. For instance, Judge Thomas Murphy played an unwilling Hercules to Truman's Augas. He first accepted, then rejected, the job of:

1. RFC chairman.
2. Supreme Court Justice.
3. Expunger of corruption in the Federal Government.
4. Roving European troubleshooter.
5. Semi-anonymous White House assistant.



6. Although Truman subsequently gave him an interim appointment, a Senate subcommittee, mulling over Philip Jessup's part in Administration foreign policy, refused to confirm him as:

1. Senator from Wisconsin.
2. Ambassador to Red China.
3. Secretary of Defense.
4. Delegate to the U.N. General Assembly.
5. Delegate to NATO.

7. A successful diplomatic appointee was Chester Bowles whose democratic friendliness made a tremendous hit in:



1. Eire.
2. The Marquesses.
3. India.
4. Japan.
5. Iran.

8. Appointed in January as supreme civilian spokesman for the U.S. in Europe was longtime troubleshooter:

1. William Boyle.
2. William H. Draper Jr.
3. John Foster Dulles.
4. Senator Homer E. Capehart of Indiana.
5. William Remington.

9. On Capitol Hill an old friend of the U.S. startled Congress by his request for:

1. A \$30 billion loan to Great Britain.
2. Union now.
3. U.S. adoption of British-type jet aircraft.
4. U.S. economic aid to Canada.
5. U.S. troops as a token force in the Suez.



10. President Truman startled no one with his State-of-the-Union message to Congress which urged all but one of these:

1. Stop Korean truce talks because they are getting nowhere.
2. Act on the Japanese Peace Treaty.
3. Help integrate the German Federal Republic into the defense scheme of Western Europe.
4. Complete a network of Pacific security pacts.
5. Provide economic aid to friends in Europe and Asia.

11. In his economic message to the same body, the President asked for a measure sure to bring opposition from both parties:

1. A special appropriation to send troops to the Suez.
2. A \$6 billion appropriation for a coast-to-coast defense highway.
3. An appropriation to build a new wing for the Pentagon.
4. A \$5 billion tax increase.
5. A \$4 billion grant for Southern colleges.

12. "Good, good, good!" exclaimed Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy when he heard that John Stewart Service had been:

1. Named Ambassador to Moscow.
2. Named to succeed Pat McCarran as Senator from Nevada.
3. Chosen by Colonel "Bertie" McCormick as editor of the Chicago Tribune.
4. Dismissed from the RFC.
5. Fired by the State Department.

Political Notes

13. The first to avow his candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination, Robert Taft soon bolstered his position with a book on:

1. Labor policy in the U.S.
2. How to avoid the presidential "bug."
3. His life with father, onetime President William Howard Taft.
4. A foreign policy for Americans.
5. The inner workings of the Republican Party.



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14. With the stage well set by Senator Lodge, Ike in January finally broke his silence, said *all but one* of the following:



1. He is a Republican.
2. He will not make a pre-convention campaign for the G.O.P. nomination.
3. Indicated he might answer a clear-cut call to political duty.
4. He would not ask

for relief from his NATO assignment to seek nomination.

5. He would leave his NATO post if replaced by someone like General Marshall.

15. Two other Republicans who announced willingness to be their party's nominee were California's Governor Earl Warren and a college president:



1. A. Whitney Griswold.
2. James B. Conant.
3. Harold E. Stassen.
4. Milton E. Eisenhower.
5. Harold W. Dodds.

16. Despite the internecine hassle among the candidates' backers, the G.O.P. did agree on one thing. Republican senators quietly elected a new floor leader:

1. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.
2. Leverett Saltonstall.
3. Styles Bridges.
4. Robert A. Taft.
5. James P. Kem.

17. In the matter of presidential candidates the Democratic mirror was still fairly dark. But one person who publicly announced he would run was:

1. Senator Estes Kefauver.
2. Justice William O. Douglas.
3. Senator Paul H. Douglas.
4. Senator James W. Fulbright.
5. William Boyle.



18. One of the blips on the political radar screen was the election in New York City of a vice crusader, Rudolph Halley, as:

1. President of the city council.
2. Mayor.
3. City tax collector.
4. Bookie supervisor.
5. Police Commissioner.

Business & Finance

19. It looked like the biggest binge since Repeal when thousands of customers rushed the nation's liquor stores to:



1. Buy ingredients for a new drink called "Four for the Road."
2. Vote for Miss Rheingold.
3. Stock up on no-longer-to-be-imported Scotch whisky.
4. Beat the new Nov. 1

federal excise tax.

5. Play Carrie Nation.

20. The aroma of scandal eddying around the Department of Agriculture's Commodity Credit Corporation arises from irregularities in:

1. The farm subsidy program.
2. The stockpiling of kohlrahi.
3. Grain storage.
4. Ploughing under shoats.
5. Its legal department.

21. Hoping for a fast buck, enterprising Texas Oilman Glenn McCarthy signed a contract in Paris which gave him:



1. A partnership in the Folies Bergere.
2. A "lien" on a 51% interest in the National Petroleum Co. of Egypt.
3. 51% interest in the Citroen auto works.
4. Control of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.
5. Control of Aramco.

22. In his fourth quarterly report Mobilization Boss Charlie Wilson announced a significant change in the arms program. Peak year will not be 1953 as planned but:



1. 1952.
2. 1954.
3. 1955.
4. 1957.
5. 1958.

23. Chicago's Henry R. Crown closed the biggest building transaction in history when he helped to finance the recent purchase of:

1. The Brooklyn Bridge.
2. The Empire State Building.
3. The Merchandise Mart.
4. Westminster Abbey.
5. Four city blocks in midtown Los Angeles.

A Quick Glance Around

24. The Bureau of Internal Revenue politely jolted many of the nation's bookies out of business (at least temporarily) by putting in effect the new law:

1. Raising taxes on their patrons' incomes.
2. Requiring them to apply for a tax stamp.
3. Fingerprinting each one.
4. Getting a Supreme Court injunction against gambling.
5. Taxing horse racing to a standstill.

25. Union bosses could do nothing when New York, the world's greatest seaport, lay 90% idle for 25 days during a strike of:

1. Harbor pilots.
2. Barnacle cleaners.
3. Truck drivers.
4. Ship repair crews.
5. Longshoremen.



26. In contrast Phil Murray's terse telegram "Stay on the job" called off a threatened disastrous strike of:



1. Transcontinental truck drivers.
2. Policemen in ten big cities.
3. Coal miners.
4. Petroleum workers.
5. Steelworkers.

27. A long and highly articulate career ended with death in Washington of "the Old Curmudgeon," once F.D.R.'s:

1. Secretary of the Treasury.
2. Attorney General.
3. Secretary of War.
4. Secretary of the Interior.
5. Secretary of Agriculture.

26. Late in October Las Vegas was spilling over with reporters and photographers as the AEC conducted:

1. Racing car tests.
2. Chemical warfare maneuvers.
3. Tests on the effect of bacteriological warfare.
4. New atomic tests on Frenchman's Flat.
5. Green fireball launchings.



29. At the same time Las Vegas also witnessed Marion Davies' marriage to her Hearst-while friend:

1. Horace Gates Brown.
2. Walter Wanger.
3. Samuel Goldwyn.
4. James Roosevelt.
5. Amadeo Giannini.



30. The nation was startled and confused when Colonel James Hanley and General Matthew Ridgway released some widely differing:

1. Evidence on Army food consumption by Korean civilians.
2. Reports on plane losses.
3. Statements on how long the Korean war would last.
4. Communist atrocity figures.
5. Evidence on typhus among captured enemy soldiers.

31. Millions cheered stubbornly courageous Henrik Kurt Carlsen for his valiant but losing battle to:



1. Tame a shrewish woman.
2. Expose dockside racketeering in New York.
3. Bring his gale-battered ship to port.
4. Smuggle himself inside Kremlin walls for a heart-to-heart peace talk with Stalin.
5. Discover a cancer cure before he himself was taken by the disease.

32. Just before Christmas, rescue workers brought only bad news to the surface at West Frankfort, Ill. Reason: a tragic loss of life in:

1. A freak ice-skating accident.
2. A tugboat accident on the Frankfort River.
3. A mine explosion.
4. A landslide in a gravel pit.
5. A limestone-cave accident.

33. A crash which killed former Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson and 28 other persons was the second of three air disasters to occur in:

1. Aiken, N.C.
2. Princeton, N.J.
3. Elizabeth, N.J.
4. Washington, D.C.
5. Philadelphia, Pa.

INTERNATIONAL & FOREIGN

Korean Stalemate

34. When Korean peace talks were finally renewed at Panmunjon, first tangible result was the agreement reached late in November:

1. That all troops be withdrawn as soon after the first of the year as possible.
2. On a cease-fire line at the 38th parallel.
3. On a tentative cease-fire line based on the current battlefront.
4. To admit Red China to the U.N.
5. To hold general elections in all Korea.



35. Another big step seemed to have been taken when Communists finally agreed that any armistice must be accompanied by:

1. Immediate withdrawal of all foreign troops from Korea.
2. Withdrawal of the Soviet air force from Manchuria.
3. Behind-the-lines inspection and control to see that neither side increased troops and supplies.
4. Formal U.N. Assembly ratification.
5. Free elections throughout Korea.

36. When discussion of prisoners of war brought an exchange of lists, perhaps the most famous name turned over by the Reds was that of Congressional Medal of Honor winner:



1. Major General William F. Dean.
2. Sergeant John A. Pittman.
3. Major General William J. Donovan.
4. Colonel Philip Cochran.
5. General Harry H. Vaughn.

37. All during the negotiations the Reds stalled and their stalling intensified when Russia's Vishinsky threw a wrench into the truce machine by:

1. Charging that the U.S. had already used atomic artillery against the Chinese forces.
2. Demanding that Russia be represented at the meetings.
3. Suggesting that Stalin and Truman mediate all points still in dispute.
4. Admitting that Russia was dictating the strategy of the Red negotiators.
5. Recommending that the U.N. Security Council take a hand in the armistice negotiations.



The Nations at Work

38. In Paris at the U.N. Assembly, a real propaganda bloopster was Vishinsky's report that he could do nothing but laugh after hearing Dean Acheson propose:



1. A world disarmament plan.
2. That Russia loosen her grip on her satellites.
3. That Picasso's peace dove become the U.N. symbol.
4. That Russia pay the U.S. for wartime lend-lease aid.
5. A Truman-Stalin meeting.

39. Over strong Soviet opposition, the U.S. and nine other nations, by a simple declaration, annulled 29 restrictive clauses of the 1947 peace treaty with:

1. Italy.
2. Yugoslavia.
3. Bulgaria.
4. Japan.
5. Germany.

40. At a top-brass Pentagon conference in January, delegates of the Big Three Western powers, including France's General Alphonse-Pierre Juin, conferred about the sword of Damocles hanging over Indo-China:

1. Ho Chi Minh's lack of adequate war materiel.
2. Inadequate replacements for captured Indo-Chinese loyalists.
3. The threat of Chinese Communist invasion.
4. The rumored revolt of French troops.
5. The possible collapse of the Korean truce talks.



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Western Europe

41. The victory of Churchill's Conservatives brought back to his old post as Foreign Secretary:

1. R. A. Butler.
2. Ernest Bevin.
3. Aneurin Bevan.
4. Anthony Eden.
5. David Eccles.

42. In France, a Communist-fighting labor leader, Léon Jouhaux, was surprisingly awarded:

1. The 1951 Nobel Peace Prize.
2. The Prix de Rome.
3. A Fulbright scholarship.
4. The Croix de Guerre.
5. A British baronetcy.



43. At the heart of Europe's sickness as the new year opened, underlying its dollar deficiencies and its chronic sweat and tears, was a shortage of one grubby product:

1. Coal.
2. Potatoes.
3. Sulphur.
4. Fertilizer.
5. Potash.

44. Franco-German relations took a real nose dive when the French named:

1. A new High Commissioner for Germany.
2. General de Gaulle as Minister of Defense.
3. An Ambassador to the Saar.
4. General Juin to head French forces in Germany.
5. An ex-Nazi as Judge Advocate in the Ruhr.

Behind the Curtain

45. After the East Germans called for a united Germany, Chancellor Adenauer asked for a U.N. investigation to determine:

1. The population of each sector.
2. Whether free elections are possible.
3. Whether the German people want to join the Western powers or Russia.
4. Whether the German people want to remain.
5. Whether the German people want to join the U.N.

46. Death came to this Old Bolshevik long since ousted from his post of Soviet Foreign Commissar:

1. Andrei Gromyko.
2. Leon Trotsky.
3. Alexei Tolstoy.
4. Jacob Malik.
5. Maxim Litvinoff.



47. To rescue four U.S. airmen downed and imprisoned in Red Hungary, the U.S. swallowed its pride, agreed to:

1. Permit reopening of Hungarian consulates in Miami and San Francisco.
2. Pay \$120,000 "ransom."
3. Turn over to Hungary the Crown of St. Stephen.
4. Grant Hungary most-favored-nation tariff concessions.
5. Try them as spies after their return to the U.S.



The Middle and Far East

48. Unrest and violence characterized most of the Middle East. A small, thin professional soldier, Colonel Adib Shishkeily, remained his country's strong man by dissolving parliament, arresting the cabinet and tossing out the President. The country:

1. Egypt.
2. Iraq.
3. Saudi Arabia.
4. Jordan.
5. Syria.

49. As blood continued to flow in the Suez area, a sign of dissatisfaction with the course of Egypt's controversy with Britain was King Farouk's:

1. Dismissal of Wafdist Premier Nahas Pasha.
2. Siring of an heir to the throne.
3. Apologetic letter to Downing Street.
4. Visit to King Talal of British-controlled Jordan.
5. Intervention to speed the peace treaty with Israel.

50. As successor to Sir Henry Gurney, the British High Commissioner slain by the Communists in Malaya, Britain appointed a scrappy fighter and tough administrator:

1. Oliver Lyttelton.
2. Lord Ismay.
3. Lord Chawell.
4. Sir Gerald Templer.
5. Nye Bevan.

51. Militant nationalism, smoldering for 50 years, burst suddenly into open flame when the French jailed political leader Habib Bourguiba in:

1. Morocco.
2. French Equatorial Africa.
3. The Cameroons.
4. Pondicherry.
5. Tunisia.

52. Despite his wartime record of collaboration with the Japs, José Laurel's Nacionalista party won sweeping victories in democratic elections in:

1. Formosa.
2. The Philippines.
3. Indonesia.
4. New Caledonia.
5. Thailand.



53. Japan's House of Representatives overwhelmingly ratified the peace treaty that will end World War II, less enthusiastically endorsed the companion treaty which:

1. Permits U.S. bases and garrisons in Japan.
2. Provides for 50 years of reparations.
3. Gives Japan a subordinate role in the U.N.
4. Gives the U.S. complete economic control of Japan.
5. Gives Formosa to Chiang Kai-shek.

The Hemisphere

54. With his election victory safely tucked away, Juan Perón moved to square his account with the army, largely because this faction had:

1. Caused his wife Evita to withdraw from the vice-presidential race.
2. "Conspired with foreigners."
3. Attempted to suppress freedom of the press.
4. Attempted to recruit a "Free Argentina" force in Brazil.
5. Captured control of Patagonia.

55. After Churchill named Viscount Alexander of Tunis as British Minister of Defense, the post of Canada's Governor General was filled by a famous actor's brother:

1. Zeppo Marx.
2. Clyde Olivier.
3. George Lunt.
4. Percival Gable.
5. Vincent Massey.

56. Loudest cheers voiced over the resignation of RFC Chairman Symington came from Bolivians, bitter because he had slashed the prices for Bolivia's main source of income:

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2. Nitrates.
3. Lumber.
4. Copper.
5. Tin.



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Directions: Located on this map, and identified in the statements below, are scenes of recent developments in the news. Write on the answer sheet (opposite the number of each statement) the number which correctly locates the place or event described.

57. Rampaging floods ruined thousands of acres of farmland, cost more than 150 lives and 30,000 cattle.

58. Despite Britain's objections to treaty-breaking, Farouk I styled himself King of this region.

59. Nationalist mobs broke up French-called elections for Consultative Chambers of Commerce and Agriculture.

60. The death of her father brought to the throne a 25-year-old queen.

61. As a gesture toward Arab unity, Jordan's King journeyed here to make a bond with his father's ancient enemy.

62. George F. Kennan, the State Department's "Mr. X," was named new U.S. Ambassador to this country.

63. Need for Western assistance caused the conditional release of Archbishop Stepinac.

64. Edgar Faure managed to form (at least temporarily) a new cabinet.

65. A sage old Moslem spiritual leader became the world's newest king, Idris I.

66. Despite Russia's violent opposition, this country was elected to a seat on the Security Council.

OTHER EVENTS

Art & Entertainment

67. Back conducting the NBC Symphony this season despite his 84 years was the white-maned perfectionist:



1. Leopold Stokowski.
2. Arturo Toscanini.
3. Dimitri Mitropoulos.
4. Charles Munch.
5. Sir Thomas Beecham.

68. The first opera to be commissioned by TV—and a much-applauded Christmas Eve production—was *Amahl and the Night Visitors* by:

1. Gian-Carlo Menotti.
2. Igor Stravinsky.
3. Eric Coates.
4. Roy Harris.
5. Darius Milhaud.

69. Largely responsible for the brilliant style of the Met's light and elegant *Così Fan Tutte* was the painstaking care of its director:

1. Cecil B. DeMille.
2. Alfred Gueden.
3. Arturo Toscanini.
4. Alfred Hitchcock.
5. John Ford.



70. Back in Rudolph Bing's good graces after nine ignominious months of exile from the Met was singer:

1. Robert Merrill.
2. Hilde Gueden.
3. Frankie Laine.
4. Kirsten Flagstad.
5. Lauritz Melchior.





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LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK. IT IS HAMMERMILL'S WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC.

71. C. W. Ceram's *Gods, Graves & Scholars* makes popular a somewhat dusty subject:

1. Religion.
2. Archeology.
3. Psychology.
4. Journalism.
5. Harvard.

72. A tale of Marxist revolutionaries and FBI counter-espionage is told in "I Led Three Lives," by:

1. Whittaker Chambers.
2. Joseph Barnes.
3. Bertrand Russell.
4. Ferdinand Waldo Demara Jr.
5. Herbert Philbrick.

73. The 1951 Nobel Prize for literature went to a writer little known outside his native Sweden:

1. August Strindberg.
2. Björn Björnson.
3. Emil Ludwig.
4. Pär Lagerkvist.
5. Hans Christian Andersen.

74. Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Agnes Moorehead, as the First Drama Quartette, have let the country hear some much-neglected dialectical fireworks—the hell scene in:

1. *Hamlet*.
2. *Paradise Lost*.
3. *The Aeneid*.
4. *Man and Superman*.
5. *Job*.



75. Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh set some of the sharpest prose in the modern theater against some of the greatest poetry of all time when they opened in the two plays:

1. *The Cocktail Party* and *Richard III*.
2. *Pygmalion* and *The Lady's Not for Burning*.
3. *Lysistrata* and *Seventh Heaven*.
4. *Desire Under The Elms* and *Macbeth*.
5. *Caesar* and *Cleopatra* and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

76. Although the reviews were mixed, it was strictly thumbs up with London audiences when this poodle-haired actress opened there in her Broadway success:

1. *OklaHoma!*
2. *Three Men on a Horse*.
3. *Carousel*.
4. *South Pacific*.
5. *Call Me Madam*.



77. Still a delightfully fresh musical eleven years after it first opened on Broadway is the revival which stars Vivienne Segal and Harold Lang in:

1. *As Thousands Cheer*.
2. *The Desert Song*.
3. *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.
4. *Pal Joey*.
5. *Red Hot and Blue*.

78. Hollywood embodies its belief that nothing succeeds like excess in the costliest movie ever made:

1. *David and Bathsheba*.
2. *The Greatest Show on Earth*.
3. *The Browning Version*.
4. *Across the Wide Missouri*.
5. *Quo Vadis*.



79. Bulging with barbaric force—and insight into human frailty—*Rashomon*, grand prizewinner at the Venice Film Festival, is a product of:

1. Japan.
2. J. Arthur Rank.
3. France.
4. M.G.M.
5. Italy.

80. Honored by Boston with a big retrospective show of his architecture including a model of his Bauhaus was:

1. Frank Lloyd Wright.
2. Marcel Breuer.
3. Walter Gropius.
4. Wallace K. Harrison.
5. Le Corbusier.



81. Death came in January to this bearded sculptor of celebrities:



1. Jacob Epstein.
2. Cecil Howard.
3. Auguste Rodin.
4. Jo Davidson.
5. Henry Moore.

Radio & Television

82. One of TV's most literate offerings is "See It Now," presented by the veteran CBS commentator:

1. John Cameron Swayze.
2. Fulton Lewis Jr.
3. Edward R. Murrow.
4. H. V. Kaltenborn.
5. Raymond Gram Swing.

83. Gloom settled thicker in the Loop. NBC axed 15 minutes off another "Chicago" TV show, the intelligent fantasy:



1. Space Cadet.
2. Tales of Tomorrow.
3. Howdy Doodly.
4. Kukla, Fran & Ollie.
5. Texaco Star Theater.

84. The clinging, faintly accented voice of Marlene Dietrich pervades her new ABC radio show:

1. Blue Angel.
2. John's Other Wife's Other Husband.
3. Suspense.
4. Café Istanbul.
5. Algiers.

Science and Medicine

85. Victoria Hospital in London, Ontario houses the first "Cobalt Bomb," medical science's newest weapon against:

1. Female baldness.
2. The common cold.
3. Cancer.
4. Arthritis.
5. Deafness.

86. Just behind the front lines in Korea, U.S. soldiers diligently hunted rabbits, rats and mice in an attempt to run down a virus or near-virus which has killed at least 25 of their buddies and made hundreds ill since June with:



1. Epidemic heartburn.
2. Epidemic hemorrhagic fever.
3. Skin infection.
4. Post-nasal tetanus.
5. Tularemia.

87. Stoutly denied by U.S. anthropologists were the charges published in the Communist Chinese press that American forces had stolen:

1. Sacred idols from the summer palace of the emperors.
2. Pricelless 12th Century manuscripts from the presidential library in Seoul.
3. 500,000-year-old bones, the last remains of Peking Man.
4. Bones of the largest mastodon ever found in Siberia.
5. Relics of a lost Tibetan civilization.

88. The annoyance of Dr. Charles Allen Thomas over the poor land on his farm led to the discovery by Monsanto Chemical Co. of a new soil conditioner:

1. Soilax.
2. Polyuron.
3. Sulfur.
4. Worms.
5. Kriliun.

Religion and Education

89. Fulton Oursler's *The Greatest Book Ever Written* is a popularization of:

1. The Old Testament.
2. The New Testament.
3. Book of Job.
4. The whole Bible.
5. Genesis.

90. Without waiting for the state supreme court to decide on constitutionality, the regents of the University of California voted to scrap:

1. Football.
2. Special loyalty oaths for faculty and other employees.
3. The athletic stadium.
4. Rose Bowl contests.
5. The university's articles of incorporation.

Press

91. With the Bratten-Shaver case, Jack Steele of the *New York Herald Tribune* adds to his record as:

1. One of New York's top crime reporters.
2. A big cog in the uncovering of dope smugglers.
3. A critical reporter of corruption in the Administration.
4. The capital's best labor reporter.
5. A sucker for a false tip.

92. Back on the stands, but under a completely Peronized management was Argentina's famed:

1. La Nación.
2. Democracia.
3. El Heraldito.
4. O Globo.
5. La Prensa.



93. Before he died in December, his amazing sensitivity for words, pouncing eye for the phony, and rigorous taste had made a whopping success of his magazine:



1. Harper's.
2. Atlantic Monthly.
3. The American Mercury.
4. The New Yorker.
5. Coronet.

94. When several of the authors objected, Simon & Schuster called off publication in book form of the controversial *Collier's* Magazine issue which:

1. Exposed the number of U.S. Communists.
2. Previewed World War III.
3. Analyzed British Socialism.
4. Lambasted the U.N.
5. Recast the conquest of the world by Russian insects.

Sports

95. Generally hailed as one of the top football players of the year was Princeton's great triple-threat back:

1. Chris Cagle.
2. Johnny Bright.
3. Dick Kazmaier.
4. Jack Sagle.
5. Bob Mathias.



96. Both Drake and Bradley withdrew from the Missouri Valley Conference shortly after the football game between Drake and Oklahoma A. & M. in which:

1. Oklahoma made ten field goals.
2. A star Drake halfback was slugged.
3. Open betting went on among the players.
4. An Oklahoma fullback was killed.
5. Two girl cheerleaders were rudely treated.

Cut along dotted lines to get four individual answer sheets

ANSWER SHEET

SCORE		
0...3..		
NATIONAL AFFAIRS	14.....	28..... 37.....
1.....	15.....	29..... 38.....
2.....	16.....	30..... 39.....
3.....	17.....	31..... 40.....
4.....	18.....	32..... 41.....
5.....	19.....	33..... 42.....
6.....	20.....	34..... 43.....
7.....	21.....	35..... 44.....
8.....	22.....	36..... 45.....
9.....	23.....	37..... 46.....
10.....	24.....	38..... 47.....
11.....	25.....	39..... 48.....
12.....	26.....	40..... 49.....
13.....	27.....	41..... 50.....

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2.....	16.....	30..... 39.....
3.....	17.....	31..... 40.....
4.....	18.....	32..... 41.....
5.....	19.....	33..... 42.....
6.....	20.....	34..... 43.....
7.....	21.....	35..... 44.....
8.....	22.....	36..... 45.....
9.....	23.....	37..... 46.....
10.....	24.....	38..... 47.....
11.....	25.....	39..... 48.....
12.....	26.....	40..... 49.....
13.....	27.....	41..... 50.....

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12.....	26.....	40..... 49.....
13.....	27.....	41..... 50.....

Cut along dotted lines to get
four individual answer sheets

ANSWER SHEET

CONTINUED

50	65	78	93
51	66	79	94
52	67	80	95
53	OTHER	81	96
54	EVENTS	82	97
55	67	82	98
56	68	83	99
57	69	84	100
58	70	85	COVER
59	71	86	QUIZ
60	72	87	101
61	73	88	102
62	74	89	103
63	75	90	104
64	76	91	105
64	77	92	105

ANSWER SHEET

CONTINUED

50	65	78	93
51	66	79	94
52	67	80	95
53	OTHER	81	96
54	EVENTS	82	97
55	67	82	98
56	68	83	99
57	69	84	100
58	70	85	COVER
59	71	86	QUIZ
60	72	87	101
61	73	88	102
62	74	89	103
63	75	90	104
64	76	91	104
64	77	92	105

ANSWER SHEET

CONTINUED

50	65	78	93
51	66	79	94
52	67	80	95
53	OTHER	81	96
54	EVENTS	82	97
55	67	82	98
56	68	83	99
57	69	84	100
58	70	85	COVER
59	71	86	QUIZ
60	72	87	101
61	73	88	102
62	74	89	103
63	75	90	104
64	76	91	104
64	77	92	105

ANSWER SHEET

CONTINUED

50	65	78	93
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60	72	87	101
61	73	88	102
62	74	89	103
63	75	90	104
64	76	91	104
64	77	92	105

97. The New Orleans Sugar Bowl game saw the defeat of top-ranking Tennessee by:

1. Maryland.
2. Illinois.
3. Kentucky.
4. Northwestern.
5. Yale.



98. The defeat of the U.S. Davis Cup team by Australia was mainly due to the resounding all-court game of:

1. Jack Bromwich.
2. Harry Hopman.
3. Frank Sedgman.
4. Mervyn Ross.
5. Jack Kramer.

99. Charlie Burr joined an exclusive fraternity late in 1951 when he became the seventh:

1. U.S. jockey ever to ride 300 winners in a year.
2. Man to bowl two successive 300's.
3. American to become a top bullfighter.
4. Player ever to break 60 on an 18-hole golf course.
5. Man on America's curling team.

100. At Bad Gastein Andy Mead twisted and turned through the 42-gate course to win handsomely the:

1. Swiss downhill championship.
2. Bad Gastein steeplechase.
3. Austrian international giant slalom.
4. European cross-country title.
5. Austrian downhill championship.



TIME COVER QUIZ

Eleven men and four women have appeared on the covers of TIME since October. How many can you identify by these excerpts from the TIME stories about them?

101. "Unsuspectable effrontery has always been his chief stock in trade... A good deal of this disdainful effrontery he employs in private life, at least in his casual dealings with his fellow men... but those who know him best insist that beneath his brash exterior lies a shy, thoughtful and kindhearted man."

1. Mohammed Mossadegh.
2. Anthony Eden.
3. Groucho Marx.
4. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.
5. Gordon Dean.

102. "A man of relaxed charm, he works hard at being modest, and never refers in public to his ancestry. 'That sort of thing is so un-American,' he protests, adding with disarming candor—'what is worse for me, it's bad politically.'"

1. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.
2. Groucho Marx.
3. DeWitt Wallace.
4. Winston Churchill.
5. Ben Fairless.

103. "He put Scheherazade in the petroleum business and oiled the wheels of chaos. His acid tears dissolved one of the remaining pillars of a once-great empire."

1. Ramon Magsaysay.
2. Winston Churchill.
3. Groucho Marx.
4. Mohammed Mossadegh.
5. Clarence Decatur Howe.

104. "One night, after working in a Montana hayfield, he was trying to sleep in a bunkhouse when the great idea came to him. Why not 'a general digest of the best magazine articles.'"

1. Gordon Dean.
2. Ramon Magsaysay.
3. DeWitt Wallace.
4. Ben Fairless.
5. Adlai Stevenson.

105. "... With his newly respectable and respected 40,000-man army, and some 100,000 reinforcements from the R.O.T.C. and reserves, he undertook an election which, for all the bloodshed, gave free voice to the popular will."

1. Anthony Eden.
2. Mohammed Mossadegh.
3. DeWitt Wallace.
4. Adlai Stevenson.
5. Ramon Magsaysay.

ANSWERS & SCORES

The correct answers to the 105 questions in the *News Quiz* are printed below. You can rate yourself by comparing your score with the scale:

Below 50—Poorly informed

51-65—Not well-informed

66-80—Somewhat well-informed

81-95—Well-informed

96-105—Very well-informed

Highest score reported after the last test was a whopping 103.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS	36	1	70	1
1	3	38	1	72
2	2	39	1	73
3	2	40	3	74
4	1	41	4	75
5	3	42	1	76
6	4	43	1	77
7	3	44	1	78
8	2	44	3	79
9	5	45	2	79
10	1	46	5	80
11	4	47	2	81
12	5	48	5	82
13	4	49	1	83
14	5	50	4	84
15	3	51	5	85
16	3	52	2	86
17	1	53	1	87
18	1	54	1	88
19	4	55	5	89
20	3	56	5	90
21	2	57	8	91
22	3	58	19	92
23	2	59	14	93
24	2	60	5	94
25	5	61	18	95
26	4	62	3	97
27	4	63	9	98
28	4	64	7	99
29	1	65	17	100
30	3	66	12	COVER QUIZ
31	3	67	101	3
32	3	68	102	1
33	2	69	103	4
INTER-NATIONAL & FOREIGN	67	2	104	5
34	3	68	1	105
35	3	69	2	105

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As fine a Kentucky Straight Bourbon
as money can buy!



The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky

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"My cigarette must be kind
to my throat..."



and Camels have the
mildness I want!



They agree with my throat
—pack after pack...



I've never enjoyed a cigarette
so much as Camels!

NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORTED AFTER TESTS:

*Not one single case of throat irritation
due to smoking **CAMELS***



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in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of people
with normal throats who smoked only Camels
for thirty days!

Prove Camel mildness yourself! Make your
own 30-day Camel test—the one thorough test
of cigarette mildness. Smoke only Camels for
30 days. Enjoy the rich, full flavor. See how
mild Camels are, how well they agree with
your throat—pack after pack. You'll know
why, after all the mildness tests...



Make your own
sensible 30-day
Camel mildness test
in your "T-Zone"
—T for Throat,
T for Taste.

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